

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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NO NAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

ON the next morning but one, news was received from Mr. Pendril. The place of Michael Vanstone's residence on the Continent had been discovered. He was living at Zurich; and a letter had been despatched to him, at that place, on the day when the information was obtained. In the course of the coming week an answer might be expected, and the purport of it should be communicated forthwith to the ladies at Combe-Raven.

Short as it was, the interval of delay passed wearily. Ten days elapsed before the expected answer was received; and when it came at last, it proved to be, strictly speaking, no answer at all. Mr. Pendril had been merely referred to an agent in London who was in possession of Michael Vanstone's instructions. Certain difficulties had been discovered in connexion with those instructions, which had produced the necessity of once more writing to Zurich. And there "the negotiations" rested again, for the present.

A second paragraph in Mr. Pendril's letter contained another piece of intelligence entirely new. Mr. Michael Vanstone's son (and only child), Mr. Noel Vanstone, had recently arrived in London, and was then staying in lodgings occupied by his cousin, Mr. George Bartram. Professional considerations had induced Mr. Pendril to pay a visit to the lodgings. He had been very kindly received by Mr. Bartram; but had been informed by that gentleman that his cousin was not then in a condition to see visitors. Mr. Noel Vanstone had been suffering for some years past, from a wearing and obstinate malady; he had come to England expressly to obtain the best medical advice, and he still felt the fatigue of the journey so severely as to be confined to his bed. Under these circumstances, Mr. Pendril had no alternative but to take his leave. An interview with Mr. Noel Vanstone might have cleared up some of the difficulties in connexion with his father's instructions. As events had turned out, there was no help for it but to wait for a few days more.

The days passed, the empty days of solitude and suspense. At last, a third letter from the lawyer announced the long-delayed conclusion

of the correspondence. The final answer had been received from Zurich; and Mr. Pendril would personally communicate it, at Combe-Raven, on the afternoon of the next day.

That next day was Wednesday, the twelfth of August. The weather had changed in the night; and the sun rose watery through mist and cloud. By noon, the sky was overcast at all points; the temperature was sensibly colder; and the rain poured down, straight and soft and steady, on the thirsty earth. Towards three o'clock, Miss Garth and Norah entered the morning-room, to await Mr. Pendril's arrival. They were joined, shortly afterwards, by Magdalen. In half an hour more, the familiar fall of the iron latch in the socket, reached their ears from the fence beyond the shrubbery. Mr. Pendril and Mr. Clare advanced into view along the garden-path, walking arm in arm through the rain, sheltered by the same umbrella. The lawyer bowed as they passed the windows: Mr. Clare walked straight on, deep in his own thoughts; noticing nothing.

After a delay which seemed interminable; after a weary scraping of wet feet on the hall mat; after a mysterious, muttered interchange of question and answer outside the door, the two came in—Mr. Clare leading the way. The old man walked straight up to the table, without any preliminary greeting; and looked across it at the three women, with a stern pity for them, in his rugged wrinkled face.

"Bad news," he said. "I am an enemy to all unnecessary suspense. Plainness is kindness, in such a case as this. I mean to be kind; and I tell you plainly—bad news."

Mr. Pendril followed him. He shook hands, in silence, with Miss Garth and the two sisters; and took a seat near them. Mr. Clare placed himself apart on a chair by the window. The grey rainy light fell soft and sad on the faces of Norah and Magdalen, who sat together opposite to him. Miss Garth had placed herself a little behind them, in partial shadow; and the lawyer's quiet face was seen in profile, close beside her. So the four occupants of the room appeared to Mr. Clare, as he sat apart in his corner; his long claw-like fingers interlaced on his knee; his dark vigilant eyes fixed searchingly now on one face, now on another. The dripping rustle of the rain among the leaves, and the clear ceaseless tick of the clock on the mantelpiece, made the minute of silence which

followed the settling of the persons present in their places, indescribably oppressive. It was a relief to every one, when Mr. Pendril spoke.

"Mr. Clare has told you already," he began, "that I am the bearer of bad news. I am grieved to say, Miss Garth, that your doubts, when I last saw you, were better founded than my hopes. What that heartless elder brother was in his youth, he is still in his old age. In all my unhappy experience of the worst side of human nature, I have never met with a man so utterly dead to every consideration of mercy, as Michael Vanstone."

"Do you mean that he takes the whole of his brother's fortune, and makes no provision whatever for his brother's children?" asked Miss Garth.

"He offers a sum of money for present emergencies," replied Mr. Pendril, "so meanly and disgracefully insufficient, that I am ashamed to mention it."

"And nothing for the future?"

"Absolutely nothing."

As that answer was given, the same thought passed, at the same moment, through Miss Garth's mind and through Norah's. The decision which deprived both the sisters alike of the resources of fortune, did not end there for the younger of the two. Michael Vanstone's merciless resolution had virtually pronounced the sentence which dismissed Frank to China, and which destroyed all present hope of Magdalen's marriage. As the words passed the lawyer's lips, Miss Garth and Norah looked at Magdalen anxiously. Her face turned a shade paler—but not a feature of it moved; not a word escaped her. Norah, who held her sister's hand in her own, felt it tremble for a moment, and then turn cold—and that was all.

"Let me mention plainly what I have done," resumed Mr. Pendril; "I am very desirous you should not think that I have left any effort untried. When I wrote to Michael Vanstone, in the first instance, I did not confine myself to the usual formal statement. I put before him, plainly and earnestly, every one of the circumstances under which he has become possessed of his brother's fortune. When I received the answer, referring me to his written instructions to his lawyer in London—and when a copy of those instructions was placed in my hands—I positively declined, on becoming acquainted with them, to receive the writer's decision as final. I induced the solicitor on the other side to accord us a further term of delay; I attempted to see Mr. Noel Vanstone in London for the purpose of obtaining his intercession; and, failing in that, I myself wrote to his father for the second time. The answer referred me, in insolently curt terms, to the instructions already communicated; declared those instructions to be final; and declined any further correspondence with me. There is the beginning and the end of the negotiation. If I have overlooked any means of touching this heartless man—tell me, and those means shall be tried."

He looked at Norah. She pressed her sister's

hand encouragingly, and answered for both of them.

"I speak for my sister, as well as for myself," she said, with her colour a little heightened, with her natural gentleness of manner just touched by a quiet, uncomplaining sadness. "You have done all that could be done, Mr. Pendril. We have tried to restrain ourselves from hoping too confidently; and we are deeply grateful for your kindness, at a time when kindness is sorely needed by both of us."

Magdalen's hand returned the pressure of her sister's—withdrew itself—trifled for a moment impatiently with the arrangement of her dress—then suddenly moved the chair closer to the table. Leaning one arm on it (with the hand fast clenched), she looked across at Mr. Pendril. Her face, always remarkable for its want of colour, was now startling to contemplate, in its blank bloodless pallor. But the light in her large grey eyes was bright and steady as ever; and her voice, though low in tone, was clear and resolute in accent as she addressed the lawyer in these terms:

"I understood you to say, Mr. Pendril, that my father's brother had sent his written orders to London, and that you had a copy. Have you preserved it?"

"Certainly."

"Have you got it about you?"

"I have."

"May I see it?"

Mr. Pendril hesitated, and looked uneasily from Magdalen to Miss Garth, and from Miss Garth back again to Magdalen.

"Pray oblige me by not pressing your request," he said. "It is surely enough that you know the result of the instructions. Why should you agitate yourself to no purpose by reading them? They are expressed so cruelly; they show such abominable want of feeling, that I really cannot prevail upon myself to let you see them."

"I am sensible of your kindness, Mr. Pendril, in wishing to spare me pain. But I can bear pain; I promise to distress nobody. Will you excuse me if I repeat my request?"

She held out her hand—the soft, white, virgin hand that had touched nothing to soil it or harden it yet.

"Oh, Magdalen, think again!" said Norah.

"You distress Mr. Pendril," added Miss Garth; "you distress us all."

"There can be no end gained," pleaded the lawyer—"forgive me for saying so—there can really be no useful end gained by my showing you the instructions."

("Fools!" said Mr. Clare to himself. "Have they no eyes to see that she means to have her own way?")

"Something tells me there is an end to be gained," persisted Magdalen. "This decision is a very serious one. It is more serious to me——" She looked round at Mr. Clare, who sat closely watching her, and instantly looked back again, with the first outward betrayal of emotion which had escaped her yet. "It is

even more serious to me," she resumed, "for private reasons—than it is to my sister. I know nothing yet, but that our father's brother has taken our fortunes from us. He must have some motives of his own for such conduct as that. It is not fair to him, or fair to us, to keep those motives concealed. He has deliberately robbed Norah, and robbed me; and I think we have a right, if we wish it, to know why."

"I don't wish it," said Norah.

"I do," said Magdalen; and, once more, she held out her hand.

At this point, Mr. Clare roused himself, and interfered for the first time.

"You have relieved your conscience," he said, addressing the lawyer. "Give her the right she claims. It is her right—if she will have it."

Mr. Pendril quietly took the written instructions from his pocket. "I have warned you," he said—and handed the papers across the table, without another word. One of the pages of writing was folded down at the corner; and, at that folded page, the manuscript opened, when Magdalen first turned the leaves. "Is this the place which refers to my sister and myself?" she inquired. Mr. Pendril bowed; and Magdalen smoothed out the manuscript before her, on the table.

"Will you decide, Norah?" she asked, turning to her sister. "Shall I read this aloud, or shall I read it to myself?"

"To yourself," said Miss Garth; answering for Norah, who looked at her in mute perplexity and distress.

"It shall be as you wish," said Magdalen. With that reply, she turned again to the manuscript, and read these lines:—

" You are now in possession of my wishes in relation to the property in money, and to the sale of the furniture, carriages, horses, and so forth. The last point left, on which it is necessary for me to instruct you, refers to the persons inhabiting the house, and to certain preposterous claims on their behalf, set up by a solicitor named Pendril; who has no doubt interested reasons of his own for making application to me.

"I understand that my late brother has left two illegitimate children; both of them young women, who are of an age to earn their own livelihood. Various considerations, all equally irregular, have been urged in respect to these persons, by the solicitor representing them. Be so good as to tell him that neither you nor I have anything to do with questions of mere sentiment; and then state plainly, for his better information, what the motives are which regulate my conduct, and what the provision is which I feel myself justified in making for the two young women. Your instructions on both these points, you will find detailed in the next paragraph.

"I wish the persons concerned, to know, once for all, how I regard the circumstances

which have placed my late brother's property at my disposal. Let them understand that I consider those circumstances to be a Providential interposition, which has restored to me the inheritance that ought always to have been mine. I receive the money, not only as my right, but also as a proper compensation for the injustice which I suffered from my father, and a proper penalty paid by my younger brother for the vile intrigue by which he succeeded in disinheriting me. His conduct, when a young man, was uniformly discreditable in all the relations of life; and what it then was, it continued to be (on the showing of his own legal representative) after the time when I ceased to hold any communication with him. He appears to have systematically imposed a woman on Society as his wife, who was not his wife; and to have completed the outrage on morality by afterwards marrying her. Such conduct as this, has called down a Judgment on himself and his children. I will not invite retribution on my own head, by assisting those children to continue the imposition which their parents practised, and by helping them to take a place in the world to which they are not entitled. Let them, as becomes their birth, gain their bread in situations. If they show themselves disposed to accept their proper position, I will assist them to start virtuously in life, by a present of one hundred pounds each. This sum I authorise you to pay them, on their personal application, with the necessary acknowledgment of receipt; and on the express understanding that the transaction, so completed, is to be the beginning and the end of my connexion with them. The arrangements under which they quit the house, I leave to your discretion; and I have only to add that my decision on this matter, as on all other matters, is positive and final."

Line by line—without once looking up from the pages before her—Magdalen read those atrocious sentences through, from beginning to end. The other persons assembled in the room, all eagerly looking at her together, saw the dress rising and falling faster and faster over her bosom—saw the hand in which she lightly held the manuscript at the outset, close unconsciously on the paper, and crush it, as she advanced nearer and nearer to the end—but detected no other outward signs of what was passing within her. As soon as she had done, she silently pushed the manuscript away, and put her hands on a sudden over her face. When she withdrew them, all the four persons in the room noticed a change in her. Something in her expression had altered, subtly and silently; something which made the familiar features suddenly look strange, even to her sister and Miss Garth; something, through all after years, never to be forgotten in connexion with that day—and never to be described.

The first words she spoke were addressed to Mr. Pendril.

"May I ask one more favour," she said,

"before you enter on your business arrangements?"

Mr. Pendril replied ceremoniously by a gesture of assent. Magdalen's resolution to possess herself of the Instructions, did not appear to have produced a favourable impression on the lawyer's mind.

"You mentioned what you were so kind as to do, in our interests, when you first wrote to Mr. Michael Vanstone," she continued. "You said you had told him all the circumstances. I want—if you will allow me—to be made quite sure of what he really knew about us when he sent these orders to his lawyer. Did he know that my father had made a will, and that he had left our fortunes to my sister and myself?"

"He did know it," said Mr. Pendril.

"Did you tell him how it happened that we are left in this helpless position?"

"I told him that your father was entirely unaware, when he married, of the necessity for making another will."

"And that another will would have been made, after he saw Mr. Clare, but for the dreadful misfortune of his death?"

"He knew that, also."

"Did he know that my father's untiring goodness and kindness to both of us—"

Her voice faltered for the first time: she sighed, and put her hand to her head wearily. Norah spoke entreatingly to her; Miss Garth spoke entreatingly to her; Mr. Clare sat silent, watching her more and more earnestly. She answered her sister's remonstrance with a faint smile. "I will keep my promise," she said; "I will distress nobody." With that reply, she turned again to Mr. Pendril; and steadily reiterated the question—but in another form of words.

"Did Mr. Michael Vanstone know that my father's great anxiety was to make sure of providing for my sister and myself?"

"He knew it in your father's own words. I sent him an extract from your father's last letter to me."

"The letter which asked you to come for God's sake, and relieve him from the dreadful thought that his daughters were unprovided for? The letter which said he should not rest in his grave if he left us disinherited?"

"That letter and those words."

She paused, still keeping her eyes steadily fixed on the lawyer's face.

"I want to fasten it all in my mind," she said, "before I go on. Mr. Michael Vanstone knew of the first will; he knew what prevented the making of the second will; he knew of the letter, and he read the words. What did he know of besides? Did you tell him of my mother's last illness? Did you say that her share in the money would have been left to us, if she could have lifted her dying hand in your presence? Did you try to make him ashamed of the cruel law of England which calls girls in our situation Nobody's Children, and which allows him to use us as he is using us now?"

"I put all those considerations to him. I

left none of them doubtful; I left none of them out."

She slowly reached her hand to the copy of the Instructions; and slowly folded it up again, in the shape in which it had been presented to her. "I am much obliged to you, Mr. Pendril." With those words, she bowed, and gently pushed the manuscript back across the table; then turned to her sister.

"Norah," she said, "if we both of us live to grow old, and if you ever forget all that we owe to Michael Vanstone—come to me, and I will remind you."

She rose and walked across the room by herself to the window. As she passed Mr. Clare, the old man stretched out his claw-like fingers, and caught her fast by the arm before she was aware of him.

"What is this mask of yours hiding?" he asked, forcing her to bend to him, and looking close into her face. "Which of the extremes of human temperature does your courage start from—the dead cold or the white hot?"

She shrank back from him; and turned away her head in silence. She would have resented that unscrupulous intrusion on her own thoughts from any man alive but Frank's father. He dropped her arm as suddenly as he had taken it, and let her go on to the window. "No," he said to himself, "not the cold extreme, whatever else it may be. So much the worse for her, and for all belonging to her."

There was a momentary pause. Once more the dripping rustle of the rain, and the steady ticking of the clock filled up the gap of silence. Mr. Pendril put the Instructions back in his pocket, considered a little; and, turning towards Norah and Miss Garth, recalled their attention to the present and pressing necessities of the time.

"Our consultation has been needlessly prolonged," he said, "by painful references to the past. We shall be better employed in settling our arrangements for the future. I am obliged to return to town this evening. Pray let me hear how I can best assist you; pray tell me what trouble and what responsibility I can take off your hands."

For the moment, neither Norah nor Miss Garth seemed to be capable of answering him. Magdalen's reception of the news which annihilated the marriage prospect that her father's own lips had placed before her not a month since, had bewildered and dismayed them alike. They had summoned their courage to meet the shock of her passionate grief, or to face the harder trial of witnessing her speechless despair. But they were not prepared for her invincible resolution to read the Instructions; for the terrible questions which she had put to the lawyer; for her immovable determination to fix all the circumstances in her mind, under which Michael Vanstone's decision had been pronounced. There she stood at the window, an unfathomable mystery to the sister who had never been parted from her, to the governess who had trained her from a child. Miss Garth remembered the dark doubts which had crossed her mind, on the day

when she and Magdalen had met in the garden. Norah looked forward to the coming time, with the first serious dread of it on her sister's account, which she had felt yet. Both had hitherto remained passive, in despair of knowing what to do. Both were now silent, in despair of knowing what to say.

Mr. Pendril patiently and kindly helped them, by returning to the subject of their future plans for the second time.

"I am sorry to press any business matters on your attention," he said, "when you are necessarily unfitted to deal with them. But I must take my instructions back to London with me to-night. With reference, in the first place, to the disgraceful pecuniary offer, to which I have already alluded. The younger Miss Vanstone having read the Instructions, needs no further information from my lips. The elder will, I hope, excuse me if I tell her (what I should be ashamed to tell her, but that it is a matter of necessity), that Mr. Michael Vanstone's provision for his brother's children, begins and ends with an offer to each of them of one hundred pounds."

Norah's face crimsoned with indignation. She started to her feet, as if Michael Vanstone had been present in the room, and had personally insulted her.

"I see," said the lawyer, wishing to spare her; "I may tell Mr. Michael Vanstone you refuse the money."

"Tell him," she broke out passionately, "if I was starving by the roadside, I wouldn't touch a farthing of it!"

"Shall I notify your refusal also?" asked Mr. Pendril, speaking to Magdalen next.

She turned round from the window—but kept her face in shadow, by standing close against it with her back to the light.

"Tell him, on my part," she said, "to think again, before he starts me in life with a hundred pounds. I will give him time to think." She spoke those strange words, with a marked emphasis; and turning back quickly to the window, hid her face from the observation of every one in the room.

"You both refuse the offer," said Mr. Pendril, taking out his pencil, and making his professional note of the decision. As he shut up his pocket-book, he glanced towards Magdalen doubtfully. She had roused in him the latent distrust which is a lawyer's second nature: he had his suspicions of her looks; he had his suspicions of her language. Her sister seemed to have more influence over her than Miss Garth. He resolved to speak privately to her sister before he went away.

While the idea was passing through his mind, attention was claimed by another question from Magdalen.

"Is he an old man?" she asked, suddenly, without turning round from the window.

"If you mean Mr. Michael Vanstone, he is seventy-five, or seventy-six years of age."

"You spoke of his son, a little while since. Has he any other sons—or daughters?"

"None."

"Do you know anything of his wife?"

"She has been dead for many years."

There was a pause. "Why do you ask these questions?" said Norah.

"I beg your pardon," replied Magdalen, quietly; "I won't ask any more."

For the third time, Mr. Pendril returned to the business of the interview.

"The servants must not be forgotten," he said.

"They must be settled with and discharged: I will give them the necessary explanation before I leave. As for the house, no questions connected with it need trouble you. The carriages and horses, the furniture and plate, and so on, must simply be left on the premises to await Mr. Michael Vanstone's further orders. But any possessions, Miss Vanstone, personally belonging to you or to your sister—your jewellery and dresses, and any little presents which may have been made to you—are entirely at your own disposal. With regard to the time of your departure, I understand that a month, or more, will elapse before Mr. Michael Vanstone can leave Zurich; and I am sure I only do his solicitor justice in saying—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Pendril," interposed Norah;

"I think I understand, from what you have just said, that our house and everything in it belongs to——?" She stopped, as if the mere utterance of the man's name was abhorrent to her.

"To Michael Vanstone," said Mr. Pendril. "The house goes to him with the rest of the property."

"Then I, for one, am ready to leave it to-morrow!"

Magdalen started at the window, as her sister spoke, and looked at Mr. Clare, with the first open signs of anxiety and alarm which she had shown yet.

"Don't be angry with me," she whispered, stooping over the old man with a sudden humility of look, and a sudden nervousness of manner. "I can't go, without seeing Frank first!"

"You shall see him," replied Mr. Clare. "I am here to speak to you about it, when the business is done."

"It is quite unnecessary to hurry your departure, as you propose," continued Mr. Pendril, addressing Norah. "I can safely assure you that a week hence will be time enough."

"If this is Mr. Michael Vanstone's house," repeated Norah, "I am ready to leave it to-morrow."

She impatiently quitted her chair; and seated herself farther away on the sofa. As she laid her hand on the back of it, her face changed. There, at the head of the sofa, were the cushions which had supported her mother, when she lay down for the last time to repose. There, at the foot of the sofa, was the clumsy, old-fashioned arm-chair, which had been her father's favourite seat on rainy days, when she and her sister used to amuse him at the piano opposite, by playing his favourite tunes. A heavy sigh, which she tried vainly to repress, burst from her lips.

"Oh," she thought, "I had forgotten these old friends! How shall we part from them when the time comes!"

"May I inquire, Miss Vanstone, whether you and your sister have formed any definite plans for the future?" asked Mr. Pendril. "Have you thought of any place of residence?"

"I may take it on myself, sir," said Miss Garth, "to answer your question for them. When they leave this house, they leave it with me. My home is their home; and my bread is their bread. Their parents honoured me, trusted me, and loved me. For twelve happy years they never let me remember that I was their governess, they only let me know myself as their companion and their friend. My memory of them is the memory of unvarying gentleness and generosity; and my life shall pay the debt of my gratitude to their orphan children."

Norah rose hastily from the sofa; Magdalen impetuously left the window. For once, there was no contrast in the conduct of the sisters. For once, the same impulse moved their hearts, the same earnest feeling inspired their words. Miss Garth waited until the first outburst of emotion had passed away; then rose; and taking Norah and Magdalen each by the hand, addressed herself to Mr. Pendril and Mr. Clare. She spoke with perfect self-possession; strong in her artless unconsciousness of her own good action.

"Even such a trifle as my own story," she said, "is of some importance at such a moment as this. I wish you both, gentlemen, to understand that I am not promising more to the daughters of your old friend than I can perform. When I first came to this house, I entered it under such independent circumstances as are not common in the lives of governesses. In my younger days, I was associated in teaching with my elder sister: we established a school in London, which grew to be a large and prosperous one. I only left it and became a private governess, because the heavy responsibility of the school was more than my strength could bear. I left my share in the profits untouched, and I possess a pecuniary interest in our establishment to this day. That is my story, in few words. When we leave this house, I propose that we shall go back to the school in London, which is still prosperously directed by my elder sister. We can live there as quietly as we please, until time has helped us to bear our affliction better than we can bear it now. If Norah's and Magdalen's altered prospects oblige them to earn their own independence, I can help them to earn it, as a gentleman's daughters should. The best families in this land are glad to ask my sister's advice where the interests of their children's home-training are concerned; and I answer, beforehand, for her hearty desire to serve Mr. Vanstone's daughters, as I answer for my own. That is the future which my gratitude to their father and mother, and my love for themselves, now offers to them. If you think my proposal, gentlemen, a fit and fair proposal—and I see in your faces that you do—let us not make the hard necessities of our

position harder still, by any useless delay in meeting them at once. Let us do what we must do; let us act on Norah's decision, and leave this house to-morrow. You mentioned the servants, just now, Mr. Pendril: I am ready to call them together in the next room, and to assist you in the settlement of their claims, whenever you please."

Without waiting for the lawyer's answer, without leaving the sisters time to realise their own terrible situation, she moved at once towards the door. It was her wise resolution to meet the coming trial by doing much, and saying little. Before she could leave the room, Mr. Clare followed, and stopped her on the threshold.

"I never envied a woman's feelings before," said the old man. "It may surprise you to hear it; but I envy yours. Wait! I have something more to say. There is an obstacle still left—the everlasting obstacle of Frank. Help me to sweep him off. Take the elder sister along with you and the lawyer; and leave me here to have it out with the younger. I want to see what metal she's really made of."

While Mr. Clare was addressing these words to Miss Garth, Mr. Pendril had taken the opportunity of speaking to Norah. "Before I go back to town," he said, "I should like to have a word with you in private. From what has passed to-day, Miss Vanstone, I have formed a very high opinion of your discretion; and, as an old friend of your father's, I want to take the freedom of speaking to you about your sister."

Before Norah could answer, she was summoned, in compliance with Mr. Clare's request, to the conference with the servants. Mr. Pendril followed Miss Garth, as a matter of course. When the three were out in the hall, Mr. Clare re-entered the room, closed the door, and signed peremptorily to Magdalen to take a chair.

She obeyed him, in silence. He took a turn up and down the room, with his hands in the side-pockets of the long, loose, shapeless coat which he habitually wore.

"How old are you?" he said, stopping suddenly, and speaking to her with the whole breadth of the room between them.

"I was eighteen last birthday," she answered, humbly, without looking up at him.

"You have shown extraordinary courage for a girl of eighteen. Have you got any of that courage left?"

She clasped her hands together, and wrung them hard. A few tears gathered in her eyes, and rolled slowly over her cheeks.

"I can't give Frank up," she said, faintly. "You don't care for me, I know; but you used to care for my father. Will you try to be kind to me for my father's sake?"

The last words died away in a whisper; she could say no more. Never had she felt the illimitable power which a woman's love possesses of absorbing into itself every other event, every other joy or sorrow of her life, as she felt it then. Never had she so tenderly associated Frank with the memory of her lost parents, as

at that moment. Never had the impenetrable atmosphere of illusion through which women behold the man of their choice—the atmosphere which had blinded her to all that was weak, selfish, and mean in Frank's nature—surrounded him with a brighter halo than now, when she was pleading with the father for the possession of the son. "Oh, don't ask me to give him up!" she said, trying to take courage, and shuddering from head to foot. In the next instant, she flew to the opposite extreme, with the suddenness of a flash of lightning. "I won't give him up!" she burst out violently. "No! not if a thousand fathers ask me!"

"I am one father," said Mr. Clare. "And I don't ask you."

In the first astonishment and delight of hearing those unexpected words, she started to her feet, crossed the room, and tried to throw her arms round his neck. She might as well have attempted to move the house from its foundations. He took her by the shoulders, and put her back in her chair. His inexorable eyes looked her into submission; and his lean forefinger shook at her warningly, as if he was quieting a fractious child.

"Hug Frank," he said; "don't hug me. I haven't done with you yet: when I have, you may shake hands with me, if you like. Wait, and compose yourself."

He left her. His hands went back into his pockets, and his monotonous march up and down the room began again.

"Ready?" he asked, stopping short after a while. She tried to answer. "Take two minutes more," he said, and resumed his walk with the regularity of clockwork. "These are the creatures," he thought to himself, "into whose keeping men, otherwise sensible, give the happiness of their lives. Is there any other object in creation, I wonder, which answers its end as badly as a woman does?"

He stopped before her once more. Her breathing was easier; the dark flush on her face was dying out again.

"Ready?" he repeated. "Yes; ready at last. Listen to me; and let's get it over. I don't ask you to give Frank up. I ask you to wait."

"I will wait," she said. "Patiently, willingly."

"Will you make Frank wait?"

"Yes."

"Will you send him to China?"

Her head drooped on her bosom, and she clasped her hands again, in silence. Mr. Clare saw where the difficulty lay, and marched straight up to it on the spot.

"I don't pretend to enter into your feelings for Frank, or Frank's for you," he said. "The subject doesn't interest me. But I *do* pretend to state two plain truths. It is one plain truth that you can't be married till you have money enough to pay for the roof that shelters you, the clothes that cover you, and the victuals you eat. It is another plain truth that you can't find the money; that I can't find the money; and that Frank's only chance of finding it, is going

to China. If I tell him to go, he'll sit in a corner and cry. If I insist, he'll say yes, and deceive me. If I go a step farther, and see him on board ship with my own eyes—he'll slip off in the pilot's boat, and sneak back secretly to you. That's his disposition."

"No!" said Magdalen. "It's not his disposition: it's his love for Me."

"Call it what you like," retorted Mr. Clare. "Sneak, or Sweetheart—he's too slippery, in either capacity, for my fingers to hold him. My shutting the door won't keep him from coming back. Your shutting the door will. Have you the courage to shut it? Are you fond enough of him not to stand in his light?"

"Fond! I would die for him!"

"Will you send him to China?"

She sighed bitterly.

"Have a little pity for me," she said. "I have lost my father; I have lost my mother; I have lost my fortune—and now I am to lose Frank. You don't like women, I know; but try to help me with a little pity. I don't say it's not for his own interests to send him to China; I only say it's hard—very, very hard on me."

Mr. Clare had been deaf to her violence, insensible to her caresses, blind to her tears; but under the tough integument of his philosophy, he had a heart—and it answered that hopeless appeal; it felt those touching words.

"I don't deny that your case is a hard one," he said. "I don't want to make it harder: I only ask you to do, in Frank's interests, what Frank is too weak to do for himself. It's no fault of yours; it's no fault of mine—but it's not the less true, that the fortune you were to have brought him, has changed owners."

She suddenly looked up, with a furtive light in her eyes, with a threatening smile on her lips.

"It may change owners again," she said.

Mr. Clare saw the alteration in her expression, and heard the tones of her voice. But the words were spoken low; spoken as if to herself—they failed to reach him across the breadth of the room. He stopped instantly in his walk, and asked what she had said.

"Nothing," she answered, turning her head away towards the window, and looking out mechanically at the falling rain. "Only my own thoughts."

Mr. Clare resumed his walk, and returned to his subject.

"It's your interest," he went on, "as well as Frank's interest, that he should go. He may make money enough to marry you in China; he can't make it here. If he stops at home, he'll be the ruin of both of you. He'll shut his eyes to every consideration of prudence, and pester you to marry him; and when he has carried his point, he will be the first to turn round afterwards, and complain that you're a burden on him. Hear me out! You're in love with Frank—I'm not, and I know him. Put you two together often enough; give him time enough to hug, cry, pester, and plead; and I'll

tell you what the end will be—you'll marry him."

He had touched the right string at last. It rung back in answer, before he could add another word.

"You don't know me," she said, firmly. "You don't know what I can suffer for Frank's sake. He shall never marry me, till I can be what my father said I should be—the making of his fortune. He shall take no burden, when he takes me; I promise you that! I'll be the good angel of Frank's life; I'll not go a penniless girl to him, and drag him down." She abruptly left her seat, advanced a few steps towards Mr. Clare, and stopped in the middle of the room. Her arms fell helpless on either side of her; and she burst into tears. "He shall go," she said—"if my heart breaks in doing it, I'll tell him to-morrow that we must say Good-by!"

Mr. Clare at once advanced to meet her, and held out his hand.

"I'll help you," he said. "Frank shall hear every word that has passed between us. When he comes to-morrow, he shall know, beforehand, that he comes to say good-by."

She took his hand in both her own—hesitated—looked at him—and pressed it to her bosom. "May I ask a favour of you, before you go?" she said, timidly. He tried to take his hand from her; but she knew her advantage, and held it fast. "Suppose there should be some change for the better?" she went on. "Suppose I could come to Frank, as my father said I should come to him——?"

Before she could complete the question, Mr. Clare made a second effort, and withdrew his hand. "As your father said you should come to him?" he repeated, looking at her attentively.

"Yes," she replied. "Strange things happen sometimes. If strange things happen to me, will you let Frank come back before the five years are out?"

What did she mean? Was she clinging desperately to the hope of melting Michael Vanstone's heart? Mr. Clare could draw no other conclusion from what she had just said to him. At the beginning of the interview, he would have roughly dispelled her delusion. At the end of the interview, he left her compassionately in possession of it.

"You are hoping against all hope," he said; "but if it gives you courage, hope on. If this impossible good fortune of yours ever happens, tell me; and Frank shall come back. In the meantime——"

"In the meantime," she interposed sadly, "you have my promise."

Once more, Mr. Clare's sharp eyes searched her face attentively.

"I will trust your promise," he said. "You shall see Frank to-morrow."

She went back thoughtfully to her chair, and sat down again in silence. Mr. Clare made for the door, before any formal leave-taking could pass between them. "Deep!" he thought to

himself, as he looked back at her before he went out; "only eighteen; and too deep for my sounding!"

In the hall, he found Norah, waiting anxiously to hear what had happened.

"Is it all over?" she asked. "Does Frank go to China?"

"Be careful how you manage that sister of yours," said Mr. Clare, without noticing the question. "She has one great misfortune to contend with: she's not made for the ordinary jog-trot of a woman's life. I don't say I can see straight to the end of the good or the evil in her—I only warn you, her future will be no common one."

An hour later, Mr. Pendril left the house; and, by that night's post, Miss Garth despatched a letter to her sister in London.

THE END OF THE FIRST SCENE.

THE DIARY OF A CONFEDERATE BOY.

WHEN General McClellan, compelled into activity, crossed the Potomac after the council of war held on Friday, the seventh of March, I also went to Manassas. At one o'clock on Friday the council overruled McClellan's wish for more delay. In an hour the result was known to the enemy, and those positions which had been held only until seriously menaced were retired from in the interval between the time of the decision and the Federal movement on the Monday following. Since I am nobody's own reporter, and my purpose is not to tell of my own adventures, but to show a picture of a poor boy's life in days of civil war—a picture that I found in the wreck of the deserted camp at Manassas, I shall only say so much of my ride thither as may help to suggest something of the gulf of war into which that young life, with many, many others, has been thrown.

My own journey was to the head-quarters of the German division in the Federal army. It had been raining all night, and the tough clay of the roads through which Uncle Sam's horses dragged the government waggons reached up to the horses' knees. In pulling out their feet they often left their shoes behind. Having slept at Mr. Hunter's farm-house, the old head-quarters of the commanders of the German division, I pushed on next day with a comrade. The road was covered with teams. We hurried on to pass them, in vain, for they had no end. We reached Hunter's Mills. Over the brook is a bridge, such as you find, out of America, only in operas and melodramas. One hesitates to cross on horse-back, yet over it passed the whole army, with its horses and its heavy guns. We had to stop; for the holes before it were of serious depth. We crossed the stream, one of us reaching the other side covered with mud to the eyes, and advanced to Centreville through desolate—alas! most desolate—Virginia. Forests are cleared, and the trees not yet removed. Farm-houses are forsaken and lie empty, or with soldiers for their occupants. For miles we rode

and saw no pig nor hen nor duck, and no man in civilian's costume. The fences are all either broken down, or have been carried off for winter fuel in the camps. The fields lie untilled, and few signs even of their past cultivation now remain. Dead mules and dead horses (in one place five-and-twenty all together) lie upon the road. At Centreville we found, in a strong position, the sham fortifications that had sufficed to check the advance of McClellan, armed with logs painted black outside, to resemble guns. Behind them, are yet standing admirable camps, each of about two hundred and fifty log huts, coated with clay and covered with shingle, all furnished with fireplaces, and those of the officers even with carpets—palaces compared with the kennels supplied to the men of the Union Potomac army. The Union soldiers, in whom habits of temperance had been so carefully cherished that they had been confined to cider and small beer, looked with envy at the numerous empty brandy and whisky bottles left by the enemy. We pursued our journey across the field of the battle of Bull Run, which we reached by a ford near a broken bridge, where there is a destroyed railway on our right. Striking aside from the line of the railway that would guide us to Manassas, we rode through the woods, here and there thinned with large clearings; and, for miles, except the birds, a dying mule was all of life we saw. Then we regained the clue of the railway, and were in Manassas before we knew it; for there are no houses, only a few burnt huts with a quagmire road between them, in which my horse sunk to his belly.

At the station the scene was most curious. There lay scattered in confusion, property of all kinds that the Confederate soldiers, in the hurry of departure, had not time to pack and carry with them. Trousers, coats, shirts, drawers in abundance; old iron and brass; bottles and tin boxes, trunks, valises, knapsacks and boots, barrels of provisions, bacon and hams, flour and cracknels; bowie-knives, swords, guns, oars and carriages, blankets and horse-covers, books and papers. A troop of our cavalry arrived, dismounted to rummage the plunder, suddenly mounted again at sound of trumpet, and rode forward to pursue stragglers behind the retreat of the Confederates; whose main body had been withdrawn in railway cars. Only two or three persons remained at the station after the departure of the cavalry; one of them, the artist of an illustrated New York paper, who, by sticking a large bowie-knife into a chest, made a peg whereto we fastened our horses, while we joined the rummage of the field. Our own artist, having a professional turn for the picturesque, laid hands on a very fine scarlet under shirt—which he put on over his coat—and a white woollen veil—which he attached to his hat. With the lance of a Confederate flag in his hand, he looked on horseback competent to bring down three rounds of applause at Astley's. Buttons bearing the regimental stamp are tokens much in demand, and a commissary who came from afar

with a doctor for the express purpose of doing a stroke of business, loaded his horse with bowie-knives, coats, horse-covers, and other plunder. He was much envied also for the discovery of several muskets and a secession flag. A few negroes stood about, rolling their eyes at the desirable things on the ground. Encouraged to help themselves, they went away, and returned soon with sacks, which they deliberately filled.

My own inclination was for search among the books and papers. The books were chiefly bibles, prayer books, sermons, and books of sacred music. There was a sprinkling, also, of very moral novels. Little else of any value. A couple of illustrations of the volunteer spirit found among the scattered papers interested me. One of them will, I am sure, interest others. The less interesting is an old letter from his brother, left behind by one of the soldiers. These brothers evidently belong to the poorer class of volunteers from South Carolina ("old S. C."). One is already in arms, and the other, detained to take care of a family, has his heart with the men who volunteer, if he has not himself already enlisted. To make his information somewhat more intelligible, I will so far meddle with it as to divide the sentences by an interpolation of full stops:

"S. C. Abbeville District, Sept. the 19.

"Dear Brother I seat my self this morning to Drop you a few lines to let you no that i and family is Well excep the Hooping Cof and Hoping when thes few lins com to hand they may find you enjoying the same Blessing, the People is Generly well a Bout her at presen. i received your letter on the 8 of this month. i was glad to her that you was gitting well. i am Doen pulling fadder. i am now piking Cottan. Cottan is haf open. i took a trip throwe goorgia this summer. Crops is good in som Parts and very sorry in others. i was at uncle thaniel Pluket. they was all well and dooing torable well. ther is too of his Boys in the army. they went from mississippi and they had never herd from them sences they left. they Dont no whether they ar in virgina or not, and ther is a nother one of his Boys volenteered but he wasent gon. Georgia aint turing out volenteers like old S. C. Givinit County has only sened one Company to the war. They ar scird in georgia. Kernel Harper's Company is at lightwood knot springs; orr rigment is en roliven's island at galy and Pinok Tucker is making up a Company. hisakier Hall Gohn Hall, lewes Hall, Mashel Hall, S Mecadams R D tucker and all the rest of the Halls and newels, and Games sarks has volenteer in that Company. Pickers Black is at home verry sick with the tiford fever. it is thot that he won't git well. Cornelia armathly is well and harty. G D Press has got the Hooping cof but it Dont hirt him much. He grows fast. i will haft to Close my letter for the want of news to wright. i will haft to start after the mail this morning. wright to me as soon as you Can. So no more at present fare Well.

The more interesting witness to the spirit of the South is the diary of a widow's son, one of a half adult family of boys and girls. It opens with a record of his schoolboy life at Lexington, county Rockbridge, Virginia, in one of the colleges in many respects so creditable to the American States, which, carrying on the work

of the primary and of the grammar schools, educate youths of from sixteen to twenty. Here is the country youth of seventeen or eighteen, with the child's unsated enjoyment of plum-cake and apples, with the heart yet tender for his mother, with the conscience yet pure by close home observance of religious duties, and the first dawn in him also of the young romance of love. He is not a clever fellow. He is, here and there, uncertain about his spelling, but he works hard now and then as a freshman in his second or third term, though he has fits of novel-reading and fits of rough frolic. He is too young to be alone in a room of his own, where the card-playing and idling youths may make themselves at ease with him, but he is a good little fellow, who accounts it no shame to run to his "ma" whenever she comes into town. The political ferment begins. The town is disturbed, the students are unsettled. The young diarist begins to "cut" his classes freely; has lost his earlier tenderness of conscience about missing chapel and prayer-meeting. He runs wild, increases his expenditure upon tobacco, is with the students who hoist secession flags and create disturbance in the streets of nights, is with the first to volunteer. He records the buying cloth for his first pair of trooper's trousers, his days of pistol practice when he should be studying, his march with the army, his fighting at Bull's Run, his picket duties, and the incidents of his camp life. Another of the widow's sons had volunteered. The diarist mentions this brother from time to time as in the camp; but the record is not continued to the date when I picked up the little book stained with the college student's oil and scarred at the edges with fire, from among the papers left at Manassas. It was broken off five or six months before, on the seventeenth of last October, at a record of picket duties and eating chesnuts in the neighbourhood of Fairfax Court-house, where it is remembered that a picket party was surprised one day while chesnut gathering, and some of the men were shot. Perhaps the diarist was then killed. At Manassas, doubtless, it was either his brother or some friend who left the diary behind. Here, then, are some records of the last nine months of the life of a widow's son in Virginia during days of civil war.

The diary begins with New Year's-day sixty-one, in the boy's home, on the farm at a village about nine miles from Lexington, the county capital of Rockbridge, in Virginia. Deep snow is on the ground. The diarist records that he rose at eight, "read a novel named the Children of the Abbey, had some rasper, and took steps towards making a Yankee jumper. The trees were all covered with a beautiful frost." Next day he worked on at his jumper, which is a sort of sledge, "cut a pair of poles, shaved them, and bored the holes." Also, he "helped feed the hogs and beef." This day he records too that they were "visited by a pretty lady and gentleman," and that "Sis Fan and Mat started for Lynchburg when it thawed a little." Lynchburg is a town bigger than Lexington, good

thirty miles away. We may suppose sister Fan to be going home thither with the brother in trade there, after a Christmas visit to the mother in the old home at the farm.

On the next day, the fourth of January, Friday, the young diarist is humorous and happy. This being fast-day appointed by the President, he says that he "kept it till breakfast-time." These were the last days of President Buchanan, I may remind readers. Only South Carolina had seceded. At Charleston, Fort Sumter had just been occupied by Major Anderson. Political feeling was near boiling-point. Secession of the other Southern States and outbreak of the civil war were imminent. The diarist, after breakfast, went to a preaching in the sleigh of his own making, "heard a good sermon, had a fine time generally, bought a new hat," &c. (Not long, by the way, after return to school he "traded hats with another boy.") So ended the holidays, of which the record is boyish and simple. Next day, he "started to town on the stage, had a pleasant time, a very heavy load was on board, roads in a very bad condition."

There was still heavy snow next morning when the youth returned to college, "heard a first-rate sermon from Parson White, attended college prayer-meeting, smoked, chatted, and ate apples with some of the boys till bedtime." Next day, after setting down his college occupation, his record is equally boylike. "Bought several things that were necessary, eat some of my cake, and then went to bed." He had gone to school, of course, with apples and a cake in his box. Next day, he was "put through" by each of the professors, "mailed" (i.e. posted) "a good many tickets," which on the previous day he had "fixed up to send to ladies;" also he "wrote to ma," paid a debt to a schoolfellow, sent a newspaper to his brother Jimmie (the one who afterwards as well as himself turned volunteer). "Helped fusce Nat and Nowell" (possibly the playing of a school trick), "scratched on the fiddle untill bedtime, eat another piece of my cake, dreamt of my betrothed."

Next day the snow was all gone: he bought a load of wood, carried a boot to be mended, did not study much, wrote to his brother Jimmie, delivered a school declamation, smoked and talked with a schoolfellow before he "went to shut-eye town." On the day after that he fixed an almanac on his table to save trouble of getting up, for dates of the day interested him; again he "fixed up a paper to send to Jimmie," and on that day "a disunion flag was raised on top of Coll. Old Doc was very angry." On the day after that he "had a perfect set of recitations ready, but was not put through." There was another sort of learning by heart then astir. "Took part," he writes, "in a discussion on the question of Union or Disunion, broke up in a general row, had but one fight"—when he shed, doubtless, his first blood in the cause—"was sent for home on urgent business."

He had left for school but a week before. The urgent business he does not mention, but it was not of a grievous sort; for, next day, he

"went with Sis Joe, and some other ladies to the singing-school. Had a fuss with Miss Flora, went home with Miss Sue, had some fine singing after supper." Where he supped he slept, and next day, being Sunday, "went to church with Miss Sue, heard a very poor sermon, had a very pleasant time in general, and stole a picture of my Duck," &c. Probably she was a neighbour at the house of which Miss Sue was a daughter. There is record that the poor boy saw her once again. From the same friend's house he started the next morning to return to school, where he recited mathematics, bought cigars, "kissed my Duck's picture five or six times, studied with —, and — sat up untill twelve." He had left his sweetheart with the spirit of industry freshened, but it was still a rare thing for him to sit up till midnight. Next day, "snowy bad morning, felt a little unwell, studied hard untill eleven o'clock" (at night), "finished eating the apples I brought from home." Alas for the innocent boy-life that was to melt into rough passion with the snows of winter, and to perish with the autumn leaves!

"Wednesday, 16th of January. Snow nearly all gone. Was put through by — and — also —, was sold by —. Scratched some on the fiddle." The last record of the next day is, "Wrote to —, and told her all about my sweetheart." These lines are written by the boy among the money accounts on the last leaves of his diary:

Farewell! but never from my heart
Shall time thine image blot.
The dreams of other days depart
Thou shalt not be forgot,
And never in the suppliant high
Poured forth to Him who rules the sky
Shall my own name be breathed on high
And thine remembered not.

So, my Duck,
I ask for thee a gem more rare
Than those in famed Golconda's mine.
'Tis not to sparkle in thy hair
Or on thy stainless breast to shine.
Ah, no, 'tis not for outward show,
This precious jewel I would crave;
It is to keep thy spirit pure,
And from all inward ill to save.

After two days of study, varied by the purchase of a Harper's Magazine, "a social game of cards with several boys," and some games of chess and backgammon, came again a quiet Sunday. "Heard a first-rate sermon from Parson White, read Harper's Magazine part of the day, attended College prayer meeting, sung several tunes." Then followed days of work, letter-writing, bandy-playing, a night of preparation for the College anniversary, "did plenty of cutting up in chapel that night, went to bed some time between twelve o'clock and daylight." There is snowfall, sloppy weather, the turn-out of his last stick of wood. There is hearing of home through Sis Emma, who came to Lexington, reading "a very fine novel," going to see Sister Emma, a Sunday with "a first-rate sermon. Went again at night and heard Dicky Baker preach," after which he

came home and "finished reading a very good novel." He "was treed" one day on mathematics, and received a lot of Evening Posts. But at the end of January he was still a simple-hearted schoolboy, finishing the month thus: "Sewed on a button and fixed my pants. Reviewed about twenty-five pages of algebra, studied untill twelve o'clock, then went to sleep."

In the second week of February he got a step up in classes. He goes on working, buys books, pays his subscription to a book society, and has passed out of Cornelius Nepos into Cicero, with whom he does not become friends at sight. On the thirteenth of February, when he said or "recited" his first lesson out of the De Senectute, he records that "he was treed like storms." Next day he "had a notion of laying up on account of a bad cold" caught the night before. So he "fixed up" a newspaper for brother Jimmie, and "took a social game of seven-up with some students." But on the day following he got up early and worked hard till evening, when we find the beginning of change in "some talk about the Cow Committee with some brother Fresh, which wound up the day." The Cow Committee seems, by the diary, to have been an organisation for semi-political night riots by a section of the students. On Saturday the sixteenth of February, the boy writes that he "did intend to review" (learn lessons) "all day, but had other fish to fry. However, I did review a little in the evening." Next day, Sunday, still unsettled, for the first time he records that he "did not go to preaching at all. Attended College prayer meeting in the evening."

On the day after that, the record of study becomes impatient. He goes to a professor and is "put through by the scamp;" the change of tone and the influence of wilder associates appear both in the same entry; for he goes on to say: "Took a social game of whist in the evening, found my furniture all piled up in my room, got a little angry." Next day the boy "cut —'s recitation. Played whist during the hour." Something one may observe in the injurious sapping of home influence by American public school-life that points in the direction of an exaggerated complaint once made in eighteen hundred and fifty-eight by the New York Board of Education, that the public schools of the United States were "worse than valueless—injurious to the morals and fatal to the religious interests of the pupils, and that the alleged deterioration in the morals of the community is justly chargeable to the public schools." The unsettlement of the youth who wrote this diary is much more chargeable to the contents of the newspapers that he "fixed up" for brother Jimmie, and the effect of the news of the day upon the wilder spirits in the college. At this date (in the middle of February last year), South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana had seceded, and Jefferson Davis had been elected by these states President of the Southern Confederacy. But there was no actual war, and Virginia, yet abstaining from secession, had, two days before the boy's entry

of his "other fish to fry" than Cicero and Legendre, seen its State Convention meet, to hear from its President a Union speech, with the proviso "that Virginia would insist on her rights as a condition of remaining in the Federation." From this time the question of secession is a fire-ball in the state. The diarist is utterly unsettled. Two days after his whist-playing in lecture-time he records that he "was treed by every professor. Had some rare sport at night. Helped to steal a waggon and pull it all over College Campus. Was taken by the Cow Committee, but made out to make my escape by joining them. Received a load of wood from home and a letter from ma. Was very thankful for it. Paid fifty cents for to get it carried up into my room." The wood, not the letter. Of the last wood he had, he noted that he stole it from the faculty, and in his little memorandum of college expenses—thirty-seven cents for a fluid lamp, twenty-five cents for a slate, eighty for books, fifty for skate straps, ten for tobacco and pipe, early in the list, fifty a little later, fifty cents also for "apples one time and another"—the great item in dollars is "three loads of wood—six dollars twenty-five cents; cutting it up, two dollars ten cents." There is nothing like it except the three dollars odd for beer at three initiations into the "G. P. Society."

In the states round about Virginia, preparation was being now made for a bloody contest. In ten days more, on the fourth of the next month, Mr. Lincoln would be inaugurated as President, and the formal inauguration of the Southern President had taken place at Alabama four days before the date of this Virginian holiday. Friday, February 22. "Was free. Walked about town, and was my own man. Marched over to the church with the students. Saluted the cadets as I passed the corps, who gracefully presented arms and lowered their flag in honour to the students. Splurged around, and played first at one thing and then at another untill evening. Formed a corps of students, and drilled around for some time. At night attended the celebration of the Mash. Society. Went over town after night to get some confectionary. Wound up the day's proceedings by going to bed at three o'clock." The next day was idle also, and on Sunday he "came near being late at chapel." Still the hold of the home training is not shaken off. He found also "a good piece of poetry," which he copied. It is juvenile and amatory in its tone. On the last day of February the youth was "very much surprised" to find his mother in town. He was then going every day to see the parade and drill, for the war spirit was now astir, and on the second of March—still with his mother, who seems to have aided in preparing her boy to take his part in the coming conflict—he records that he "bought cloth for a pair of trooper's pants." With his hand in his mother's he had now become a volunteer for the approaching war. "Sunday, March 3. Went to preaching twice with mama. Read a very interesting

work on Woman by Walker. Put my clothes to send home," &c. His mother had brought him other clothes. He was exchanging his civilian's dress for military uniform. Monday, the fourth, was the day of President Lincoln's installation, and on that day the youth records that he "was up by two o'clock to help raise a Disunion Flag on College. Succeeded in our purpose, and carried off the ladders. It floated magnificently on the breeze until it was taken down by the servants and burned by a *Black Republican* while the students were at recitation. Boys all very much excited and enraged at —'s conduct. Made preparations for raising another. Marched about College Campus with a disunion flag for our banner. Drew my pistol from Compton for the troop. After ten o'clock two or three boys, together with myself, went up to visit and shroud" (the statue of) "Washington for the burning of the flag, which waved over him in defiance of the Faculty, and fired a salute of six rounds of pistols from the old chap's feet." On the following day the boy "got leave to go to see ma. Received a letter from Jimmie. — was raging mad when he saw Washington with his shroud wrapped around him. Fixed up my things to send out home by mama." Mother and son were clearly of one mind about the volunteering. We find as we proceed that brother Jimmie's newspaper reading and his letters had pointed to the same end. He also was turning volunteer.

The text of President Lincoln's "inorgeral" having reached Lexington, the diarist read it, and "considered it a very poor thing to come from a President of these United States." His neighbours were of the same mind. Even the "black republican" chief of the Faculty now amuses the boy "with his wit and sarcasm," and the last entry of the day is "whole of Lexington turned secessionist." "Took my pistol all to pieces to see how it was made."

The habit of study remains, but is not strong. One day he says that he studied a little, "played several tunes on the fiddle, went to bed and dreamed of my Duck." He arose quite early the next morning to learn his lessons, otherwise "prepare recitations," before going after the ladder and "fixing our flag up in readiness to put on top of College." In the evening the ladder was taken to the statue of Washington, and a secession flag was planted by the diarist himself in the patriot's back. Thereupon he helped to light a large bonfire, already prepared, and the boys spent part of the night in keeping the blaze alive; "carried off," he says, "all the old goods, boxes, and barrels from Lexington, kept the town awake untill three o'clock in the morning, when we quieted down and went to sleep. Had two or three egg suppers," &c.

"Saturday, 9th March. Looked for my horse untill ten o'clock. Saw the troop turn out. Quite a small number. Riflemen also turned out. Drew my saber, and practised a little with it before night."

On Sunday he "did not go to preaching; read some good novels, and played some hymns on

the fiddle, and sang also." On Monday he was perfect in his lessons; but on Tuesday, being "up with — and —," he "'seunced' them bad. Practised with my pistol in the evening, studied my Greek, and had a social chat with two or three boys. Broke my fiddle bow. Wrote a letter to ma. Sold a book to a schoolboy over in town." On Wednesday, besides studies, "went down to the pond and practised shooting with my pistol. Did tolerable well. Helped eat a cake and apples; had a pleasant time," &c. Next day, Friday, he sold another book and "got the money;" and on the following evening — apparently too short of money to go by the evening coach — "walked out home; had a tough time, toes blistered and sore." At home on Saturday, "practised with my pistol nearly all day, worked in the garden in the evening, sowed tomatoes, cabbages, and lettuce-seed. Made fence also. Toes still sore." On Sunday, of course, he went to preaching, and there was a prayer-meeting at home. On Monday he lay in bed till ten o'clock, and his toes being then sound, "walked about all day. Went a visiting in the evening to see my Duck."

When he left her before, it was with a fresh zeal for study. Now he leaves her as a gallant volunteer, and, although still at school, cares little for school discipline and duties. On his return to Lexington he had, on the same night, a supper in his room at ten o'clock, "a fine time afloat," &c. The next day was wilder: "Have forgotten everything I did on the above day. Military company convened," &c., while the day after that was spent in shooting, with "a heap of fun," and winds up with "very sick at night, eat too much," &c. He had not gone back to school so poor as he departed. The day after the night's sickness began with cheating in the matter of school exercises. On that day the volunteer company was organised, the officers were chosen. Seven-up and whist; Latin and pistol practice; "did not go to preaching, but wrote letters and read novels all day;" "full of fun and frolic; fell out with —, and like to had a fight. Worried the students after dark by dragging a piece of tin about the pavement;" "was corrected for yawning in class;" "was treed and reported for making a noise; went out to practise with my pistol." These are the characteristic entries now, day after day. "Cut —'s recitation." But "wrote to Sis Bene, to ma also." Thursday, 28th March: "Received a letter from ma. Blues had their first drill. Did very well. Had any quantity of fun with cows and sheet-iron; adjourned to bed at half-past one, &c. Cut —. Friday, 29th. Had a fine time. Fixed up in white, with a high military hat on, to go out on a calithuness" (calisthenic?). "Gave the people of Lexington a good round. Did not go to bed until three o'clock. Saturday, 30th. Roved about all day. Had a heap of fun with the boys. Went out to practise in the evening, but could get no caps that were worth anything. Sunday, 31st. Went to the Episcopal Church, stayed five or ten minutes, and left. Read a newspaper the rest

of day. Went to the Presbyterian graveyard. Went to preaching at night." From the newspaper reading to the graveyard was indeed the way!

I have given petty details from this school-boy's diary, because the young life rises fresh to the imagination out of them, and because they suggest very distinctly the inevitable taint of corruption that belongs to war-time, even when the sentiment is patriotism, and while it is yet unpoisoned by the touch of rapine and the taste of blood. In the diarist's next unsettled week he was most interested by the noise he made of nights, "rare sport with a cow."

Next Sunday he "did not go to preaching, on account of weather," but records, whatever the entry may mean, that he "went into the cabinet by a nail and pick. Took a good look at the pretties." Then another week of little study, of "fun with a cow," of "fun with a dog. Tied a sardine-box to his tail, and let him go. Wednesday, 10th April. Was excused from recitation. Got off from declamation. Stole some wood, &c. Thursday 11. Was stealing wood all night." Excitement follows of debates on "the question of the day," union or secession. "Secessionists raised a flag-pole. Union men in a perfect trance. Saturday, 13th April. Raised the flag of our country. Union flag-pole broke into five or six pieces. Great excitement. Corps of cadets whipped the whole of Lexington. Next Sunday was spent exclusively upon the newspapers. Lexington on Monday was still excited. The Union flag-pole was again raised. The disunion pole cut down." But next day "received news of Lincoln's course. All for secession to a man. Raised a large fifteen star-flag over college." Still the boy's mother was in Lexington, and she was there to bid him good speed when, on the 18th of April, he turned his back on college walls, "started from Lexington with the troop," and began his short career as a boy soldier. He records that he wrote to her next day from Staunton, forty miles away upon his road to glory.

On the second of July the first military movement on the Potomac was made by the advance of General Patterson's division against the forces under General Jackson, near Martinsburg. In this direction, to the Confederate army of the Potomac, the young diarist had been marched, and of the defeat and reported rout of General Jackson's force of five infantry and one cavalry regiment on that second of July, the diarist, who belonged to the cavalry, writes: "July 2nd. Started from camp to meet the enemy. Went as an advance guard, and came within thirty yards of the main army, and then reported back to Ed. Jackson. Engaged the enemy about six miles from Martinsburg, and had a terrible fight. Killed on our side one, and wounded fifteen, on the enemy's side about one hundred and fifty." This fight was reported in the North and in England as an utter rout and dismay of Jackson's force. The boy may be wrong, but certainly the pencil scrawl in his diary stained with the oil of Lexington college rooms, was not de-

signed for publication, and he does not seem to know that he was routed. On the same day, instead of flying with his general and comrades, he enters that he "went on a scout to Shepherd's Town, and back by ten o'clock. Saw the Misses —." Clearly he didn't know that he had been routed, and that the camp had been abandoned in confusion. Next day "was up by daylight, and in the saddle. Started with the regiment, but was detached and sent on a scout to find Captain Carter. Saw the enemy advancing, and reported it to Colonel Stuart. Ate breakfast at Martinsburg; fell back before the enemy until we passed Martinsburg. Enemy took possession about eleven o'clock. Was detailed as a rear-guard, and continued to watch the movements of the enemy until evening."

Here was a slow and orderly enforced retreat before superior force, but the diary is evidence against the sudden panic of the enemy reported at the time for northern readers. The diary continues: "July 5. Still no fight. In a bad condition. Supplies cut off. Was out all day pressing horses. Got five. Rode about fifty miles. Was close to the enemy's picket. Had to sup on parched corn, with no prospect of breakfast. July 6. Was in camp nearly all day. Was detailed as a guard for the corn-waggon. Had a pop at the enemy. Drove them back. Was roused up at twelve o'clock at night. July 7th. An order came to pack up and retreat on to Bunker Hill. Had a hot time of it. Provisions scarce. Went out in the country and pressed a good breakfast. Got dinner at Buckle Town, and then marched on to Bunker Hill, where we encamped for a few days. Was detailed for picket guard. July 8. Was out all night on duty. Pressed a breakfast from an old woman. Picked and ate some dewberries. Sat about on the fence nearly all day. Found a hen's nest and pressed her eggs. Ate some cherries. July 9. Rode back to camp. July 12. Was detailed on picket at Smithfield. Made the acquaintance of a prettie Miss —. Was run off post by the Yankee Doodle's march into Winchester that night. July 13. Joined my company about five miles below Winchester, and was scared by Yankee bombs, and run into Winchester. July 14. Slept that night within two miles of the Yankee camp. Left it at four in the morning." On the 18th, after hovering, detached, about the enemy, the active schoolboy volunteer was at Berryville, when he "fared sumptuously." Next day he arrived at Piedmont with his brother Jimmie, who was "very sick." On the 20th he rode to Manassas Junction, and "encamped about four miles from the Yankees. Was detailed for sentinel duty." The next day is the date of the battle of Bull's Run, in which the boy fought, and of which this is the account entered by him in his diary: "July 21. Was aroused very early by the sound of the bugle, and received orders to saddle up, which was quickly done. Then went to water and wash my face and hands, and water my horse, and drank out of a standing pool. Formed line by com-

panies. Was third on the row. In a short time we received orders to mount, and proceed to the scene of action. Arrived on the field about half-past twelve o'clock, and made a charge at two o'clock, and then continued to flank until evening, when we made another charge on their rear. Then our company was detailed to take some prisoners, which we did in fine style. Slept that night in a wheat-field. July 22. Picked up a good many Yankee tricks" (spoils left on the battle-field), "and remained on guard all day in the rain." Certainly this is one of the least inflated accounts of a great victory man or boy ever wrote.

Next day, on the march to Fairfax Court-house, he says only, "Passed thousands of dollars' worth Yankee tricks along the road." For the next three days there is one short entry only: "Staid about the C. H., and picked up tricks," &c. &c. Then follow entries of picket work, varied by such notes as "Pressed chickens, turkeys, and such things; during this time lived very fine." Having charge of a mess, he reports simply that he "stole," at different times, kitchen furniture, "Yankee chickens," &c.; a skillet, "did very well, but was not large enough." He had sometimes "a heap of fun running the Yankees;" and a fortnight before the journal ends, the fatal danger to him is cheerfully foreshadowed with this entry: Oct. 5. "Went out on the Lewinsville picket, and had a lively time. Was in sight of five thousand Yankees all day. Gathered some chesnuts and ate them." Again he notes, "riding as a scout within sight of the Yankees." On the eleventh of October, again with the Lewinsville picket, he says, "Crowds of Yankees in sight. Saw them advancing on one of the posts, and gave the alarm. Sent for some infantry, and followed the villains back to their encampment, and killed four, and wounded several others." Out on a scout two days afterwards, he lay in sight of the enemy for an hour or two. A day or two more contain entries of such picket service on the skirts of a strong enemy. The last is on the seventeenth of October, but as while he was keeping it with regularity the diary abruptly closed, we may suppose that on the day following he was himself one of the shot. And it was little more than nine months since he had gone to school at Lexington, a quiet, active, mother-loving, country boy, with cake and apples in his box.

A ROMAN TOMB.

ONE starlit night upon the Applan way
I stood among the tombs of ancient Rome,
The nameless monuments of men who lay
Gathered to their last home.
Mighty in life, they haply here had raised
Stones that should tell, when they were underground,
Of the great names that flatterers had praised,
And Poets' lays had crowned.
Ambition, Pride, all sensual delights
That bind the soul in leaden chains to earth,
Once filled the measure of their days and nights—
What lives to show their worth?

How much to rouse our sympathy and love,
In what is left of those world-famous men,
The conquerors in the field, or they who strove
To conquer with the pen?

What but the stinging verse of satires bought
And sold to flay a friend with fatal ease?
The cirque, where men were slain by beasts for
sport:

What monuments but these?

What, in the name of all their Gods of stone,
But polished plynths of temples raised to lust,
Triumphal arch or portico o'erthrown?
Dust back again to dust!

In every form, self-worship and self-love;
Passions in marble deified with grace;
The cultured arts, like fruitage, carved above
A quickly-crumbled base.

The spirit fled—the informing fire is cold.
And herein lies the difference between
The ruin of the things that we behold,
And of the things unseen.

While the rude stones upraised by peasant hands
Mark where the shattered cross once held control,
The spirit there, Time's cruel scythe withstands,
Soul answers still to soul.

But not so here. I said: when through the gloom
(Cold horror seized and held me there, I wist),
Methought the headless Roman on his tomb,
Moved in the moonlight mist.

The arm was slowly raised wherewith he held
His toga's folds; and in the very place
Where the stone head erst stood I now beheld
A pale stern Roman face.

Then from those lips, as when a night-wind grows
'Mong trembling reeds on Thrasimene's cold lake,
In Latin tongue, a hollow voice arose,
And hoarsely murmuring spake.

"Mortal, now twice ten hundred years are past,
Com'st thou to vex the ashes in my urn,
With all thy vain and shallow wisdom, cast
On the great names that burn

In the world's temple, like fed-lamps of old?
Let none, presumptuous, dare to quench the light,
Because the growing centuries behold
The dawn succeed to night.

The dawn; nor yet the day! The vapours curled
But slowly rise; and ignorances cloud
Which the All-wise hath laid upon his world,
Doth half mankind enshroud.

And He whom blindly we adored as Jove,
O, thou vain Mortal, was it not His will
That knowledge feebly scales the stair above
Higher and higher still?

We found the world barbarian: is it nought,
That where we trod arts sprang beneath our feet?
The tales of virtue and of valour wrought,
Your children still repeat.

Who framed just laws, to govern Kings and crafts?
Who made the streams from hill to hill to flow?
Through Europe's heart who drove the roads, like
shafts
Shot from a mighty bow?

The fierceness, wolf imbibed of all our race,
Made half the world the Roman Eagle's home.
From Greeks, we borrowed poetry and grace,
Our arms belonged to Rome.

And if the antique virtue ceased to shine,
In days when I had long been out of sight,
Did Rome but share the natural decline
Of all things at their height?

For peace is kin to luxury: they sank
By slow degrees, those latter men, supine,
Rose-garlanded, inglorious, as they drank
The red Falernian wine

Cool from their grottos by the tideless sea,
Where mantled round with pine and olive wood,
With gardens, baths, and fishponds fair to see,
Their stately villas stood.

Feasting on Lucrine oysters, or the fruit
Of many a distant sea, while boys in praise
Of love their voices mingled with the lute,
In soft emaculate lays.

Not such our lives. We fed, in days of old,
With less refinement, and had rougher games,
Our sterner measures, saturnine and bold,
Had nobler, worthier aims.

We sang the God-like hero in his urn;
We crowned the living Victory with bays,
We worshipped Mars; and Justice, blind and stern,
Sat in our open ways.

To prove the public virtues in this life,
Stands not the Ædile's tomb unto this hour?
And, as a monument to wedded wife,
Behold Metella's tower.

The Vineyard, where the Scissios' ashes lie,
And linked with them, that motherhood, whose
name

While Gracchus is remembered shall not die,
Old Roman worth proclaim.

And there are memories, greater e'en than these,
Embalmed in History, their graves unknown;
While soon or late, Time's ruthless hand doth seize
The perishable stone.

The stone that mocks for some few hundred years,
The honoured relics, gathered 'neath that tomb,
Raised by a loving hand, with pious tears,
Over—ye know not whom!

Such lot is mine. A lucky flight of birds
Presaged my birth: my life was crowned with
fame,

Men in the forum ever met my words
With reverent acclaim.

They made me Prætor: placed on high my bust;
And when for ever I had passed away,
The city trailed their garments in the dust,
With covered heads that day.

They bare my ashes here: the Senate raised
This sculptured marble, which hath long sur-
vived

The recollection of the man it praised,
—A memory so short-lived!

Why doth it cumber still the ground?" And here
The hollow voice grew tremulous with scorn.

"To point a moral, obvious and clear,
To ages yet unborn?

That builded tombs, and all the strong desire
To be remembered after death is vain;
The centres of small systems that expire
With us, our souls sustain.

The conscious loss of all that pride believed,
Should keep us living through the future years:
We learn, O Mortal, how we were deceived,
When the hot bitter tears

Shed by those few whose lives were bound with
ours,

Or wife's, or freedman's—(since we only know
In death what depth of root have Love's fair
flowers)—

When these have ceased to flow,

Oblivion quickly gathers round our lives :

The spade may strike some urn that tells of fame,
But of the struggle of that life survives
Naught save an empty name.

Our race is passed away. At dead of night
The Master called us ; and we did His will,
Ye, who through widening avenues of light
Are gathering knowledge still,

Who, to the Past's accumulated wealth,
Add, day by day, fresh stores that inward roll,
The large experience that bringeth health
And wisdom to the soul,

Learn yet one thing. He who is wise above,
Leadeth in every age His children home ;
And He, beholding, something found to love,
Even in Pagan Rome."

FROM THE BLACK ROCKS, ON FRIDAY.

I.

I AM an English clergyman, and the following
is a truthful record of a memorable passage in
my life.

I had been living for two years amongst the
tribe called Ngapuhis, the most powerful and
important tribe in the northern part of New
Zealand. I planted my own potatoes and
kumeras or sweet potatoes, caught my own
fish, and lived in a house built in great part by
myself, assisted by two natives : one called
Tinana, and the other Rewharewha : on a piece
of ground given to me by the latter, and called
Opipito. I was employed in teaching the
Maori or New Zealand children, and trying to
establish a little church : working meanwhile
with my own hands to obtain my own livelihood,
and learning from the rude, uncivilised, yet hos-
pitable natives, many of their ways and customs.
The chief of the tribe was an old man named
Mānu, tall, well formed, old yet erect, grey-
haired and venerable. When dressed in his
long flowing robe of native manufacture, with
his "Hou" or native symbol of authority in his
hand, he looked

Every inch a King.

His son, named Monganui, took upon him-
self the more active duties of the chieftain-
ship. Although he was too fond of "firewater,"
yet he was kind, hospitable, and friendly, and to
him I owe many obligations which I fear I can
never repay. One of them was the gift of two
young men, his slaves : a youth named Pahiā,
a lad about seventeen years old : and a young
man named Waipuna, about twenty. These
two were of great assistance to me in my labours
on my piece of land, bringing in my firewood,
helping to cultivate the ground, and rowing and
managing my boat in my fishing excursions.

II.

In the month of August in the year 1859, in
the second week of the month, on a Friday, the

nineteenth morning, about the middle of the wet
season (in the northern part of New Zealand
we have in reality but two seasons in the year,
summer or the dry season, and winter or the wet
season), I wished for a change of diet, and
made up my mind to go out for a day's fishing.
Outside the harbour of the Bay of Islands, about
sixteen miles off, is one of the most noted capes in
New Zealand, called Cape Brett. This cape is
a well-known landmark to vessels entering the
port, and, as the whole breadth of the Pacific
washes up against its rocky sides, and rebounds
with a deep sullen roar, there is nearly always in
its neighbourhood a dangerous sea rolling ;
while, to add to the difficulties of navigation,
there are several sunken rocks, some covered
at all times, and known only by the white
water around them ; others bare at low tide,
and only covered at high water—these are
more clearly seen and avoided—whilst about
six miles out to sea, eastward from Cape
Brett, are two groups of rocks, always out of
water, though at high tide but a few feet
out ; over these the sea breaks wildly, and, ex-
cept on very still days, they are dangerous for
small boats or canoes to approach. Hard by,
there is good fishing for a kind of codfish named
by the natives Wahpuka or Hahpuka, frequently
weighing fifty or sixty pounds each.

On this Friday morning, then, as soon as our
morning meal was over, I stated my wish to my
two boys, desiring them to get my boat ready,
and go with me to the Black Rocks. My boat
was sixteen feet over all. I had before gone
out alone, off Cape Brett, and had returned in
safety ; so that, when the boys asked me if I
could spare them, as they were desirous of taking
up our potatoes—which they were afraid were
spoilings from the frequent rains we had had—I
started off alone.

At the end of two hours' pleasant sailing, I
arrived safely at the fishing-grounds. I lighted
my pipe, baited my lines, and waited patiently
for a bite, which soon came, and I took a fish of
about twenty pounds weight. I had been out
about three hours, and had caught five fish. The
day was beautifully sunny and warm, the breeze
had died away, and a soft easy swell was all
that disturbed the surface of the ocean. I was
re baiting my hook after catching my last fish,
when I felt a breath of air fan my cheeks, and,
looking up, saw a little ripple curling and crisp-
ing the waters. A land breeze was setting in.
In great haste, and much apprehension, I rolled
up my lines, hoisted my sails, and attempted
to regain the place I had left in the morning.
Meanwhile, the breeze freshened, the tide was
ebbing, and a strong current set me more and
more rapidly from the Black Rocks and the land.
To add to my perplexity, the gaff of my mainsail
gave way, and the sail came down. This took
several minutes to repair, and all this time I
was being gradually drifted farther out to sea.
Feeling that I could not manage the boat
single-handed against wind, tide, and current,
I hauled down both sails, and, putting out my
small paddles, attempted to row back. After

nearly two hours' hard and strenuous exertion, completely foiled and weary, I had to give that up.

In this state of affairs, I took out my pipe, and, with a strange feeling of despair, began to smoke, letting the boat drift. A sense of utter helplessness and hopelessness stole over me. I felt as if all that was passing were a hideous dream. How long I remained in this state, I can hardly say. I took no note of time. But when I roused myself, and looked once more around, I found the sun setting, and a thin grey mist slowly creeping along the land, quietly veiling it from my sad and lingering gaze. Thank God there was a moon! I can hardly say how its light comforted me. Even now I scarcely dare to think how that long and weary night would have passed, had it been dark and cloudy.

I knew that far away out at sea were a group of three small islands. I had heard the natives frequently speak of them as being high, rocky, and covered with forest. I had, moreover, heard of canoes having drifted out there, carried onward by the very wind which was then blowing. By degrees it dawned upon me that I might reach them. I accordingly once more set sail, and ran all night before a steady mild breeze. Oh, how long that night seemed!

The day—so eagerly longed for, and yet bringing with it a dreary consciousness of affording no relief—at length came: first, a light grey streak along the eastern horizon, gradually assuming a rosy hue, then changing to a deeper crimson flush. The sun, round, large, and red, rose like a vast ball of blood, softening to a brilliant gold: the whole sky being flecked with little golden clouds. I remember how I marked each change of the dawn; how dreamily I watched the sun rise; and then, waking up as it were with a start, how I placed my hand over my eyes, and looked long and eagerly in the direction where I thought the islands lay. Afar off on the distant horizon, I saw what at first I thought were clouds low down and resting on the water. I looked again when a short time had elapsed. The outline was unchanged, but more distinctly defined, and, as the sunlight glinted on it, I discerned the peaks of some high lands. I steered straight towards them. I kept on my course. I then ate some of my cold potatoes, and drank eagerly of the water, the first food that had passed my lips since I had started. I then lighted a pipe, and patiently awaited the course of events. Here a new and unexpected shock awaited me. Happening to look behind my boat, I saw a huge shark following silently in my wake. I can hardly describe the cold thrill of horror that tingled through my veins at the sight. Every moment my excited imagination made me think it was going to attack me. Already I pictured myself as being torn to pieces. I was fascinated, and could not turn away my gaze, as the creature quietly followed every motion of my boat: seeming instinctively to know the predicament I was in, and looking

upon me as its lawful prey. About noon I was sufficiently near the shore to mark the outlines of the coast, which seemed to be rocky and precipitous, gloomy and forbidding; the hill-summits crowned with large trees. When I approached within two miles of the land I tacked, and ran along shore until I rounded a rocky point and saw a small bay with a wall of rocks on each side, about, as near as I could guess, two hundred yards wide and one hundred and fifty deep. Here I hauled down my sails, put out my paddles, and pulled on shore, landing on a steep pebbly beach. I took out my blankets to have a sleep, for I felt exceedingly weary; first, however, fastening my boat a short distance out from the beach, letting out a small grapnel from the bows, a large stone fastened in a noose from the stern, and taking the further precaution of carrying a long rope I always had with me in the boat, on shore, and fastening it to a large tree that sprang out from a cleft in the rocks. I then rolled myself up in my blankets, and fell fast asleep.

III.

When I woke, the moon was shining bright and clear high up in the sky. I was roused from my sleep by a thumping grating sound on the beach, which mingled strangely with my dreams. I started up, and found my boat bumping on the beach. It was high water when I had landed, and the ebb of the tide had partly stranded her. The stone had slipped out of the noose, and the boat had swung round. The wind during my sleep had freshened, and a heavy surf rolled in. I untied the rope on shore, and pulling up my grapnel, got into the boat and tried to paddle out from the beach. I saw a small indent in the rocks on the right side of the bay, past which the breakers rolled, and, concluding that it was somewhat more sheltered in there, I thought I would pull the boat thither. I managed with no small difficulty to get about fifty yards from the beach, when I heard a dull heavy roar behind me, and, looking round, I saw a large breaker rolling in, rearing up its white-crested mane, and seeming as if it would overlap and tumble in. I gave one short terrified glance, let go my oars, threw my arms round the middle thwart of the boat. There was a dull heavy crash, and I felt the boat borne swiftly along, rolling over and over until it settled with a bump on a low rock at one side of the bay, and I found myself flung out a little higher up, bruised, sore, half-choked, and half-blinded with the salt water. I dragged myself a little higher up the rock, and there sat and looked in dismay at my poor boat, with her side stove in, and a sharp pointed rock sticking through her bottom. My boat was irretrievably broken and ruined, and I had foolishly left in it, my fishing lines, the fish, and the remainder of my potatoes, as well as the two empty bottles. Mechanically I put my hands into my pocket for my pipe; it was gone too; I had left it on one of the thwarts of the boat, and thus I was deprived of even this poor comfort

and consolation. It may seem ridiculous, but it is nevertheless true, that I took the loss of my pipe more to heart than every other loss I had sustained. Doubtless, I ought to have been thankful I had escaped with my life; but I cannot say I felt so. I could do nothing but rock backward and forward on the stone on which I sat, cold, wet, and shivering, and bitterly lamenting my hard fate.

How long I might have remained thus, I cannot say; time passed altogether unheeded; I marked not the sun's rise, I heeded not the breaking morn. Lonely, deserted, forlorn, and sad, I was once more roused to a consciousness of my position by hunger. I looked round, and found the rocks on which I sat covered with oysters. Gathering up a large pebble, I began breaking some open, and I tore my fingers in the operation, and felt a sort of savage pleasure in the pain. After satisfying my hunger, I next looked round for water, which to my exceeding joy and thankfulness I found trickling down one of the rocks. Thither accordingly I hastened, and took a good long draught. After bathing my face and washing my hands, I sat down somewhat refreshed.

What next? I scarcely knew. Anything rather than sit still; that nearly drove me wild. I tried to murmur a prayer, but my thoughts would wander away, and I found that I could only tranquillise my mind by moving about. I wandered back to the boat, and, hopeless as the task was, tried to mend her. I had with me my pocket-knife, and I tried various poor devices with it. Although perfectly convinced of the uselessness of my task, I could not abstain from working at it, and it was not until I had thrown away two whole days that I desisted. The first night I gathered a heap of long dry fern, and slept on it, rolled up in my blankets. It was on a Saturday that I landed on the island, and, although the following day was Sunday, I worked all day at the boat. It was not until Monday night that I finally gave up the attempt.

IV.

The small bay was surrounded by a rocky rampart, varying in height from ninety to two hundred feet, surmounted by a dense forest. At the feet of these rocks was another rock of from ten to twelve feet broad, sloping and covered at high tide, but bare at low water, and encrusted with oysters. The beach was composed of shingle, descending steeply into the water. Inland was a small piece of level ground, about half an acre in extent, the middle of which was a basin, into which the little spring of water tumbled, whose waters fell and rose with the ebb and flow of the tide: the water of the sea percolating through the pebbly beach. In this small pond grew a sort of flag called by the natives of New Zealand *raupo*, and of which their huts are mostly built. Round the pond, the ground was composed of small pebbles, or gravel and sand; growing over it, was a coarse kind of bent or grass. Nearer the rocks which enclosed this flat piece of ground in an

irregular semicircle, grew tall ferns, finding root in the soil and débris washed down from the upper grounds, and shaded and kept moist by the overhanging rocks. Down a steep gully, narrow and blocked up with huge boulders, fell the small stream of water, trickling finally in little rills over the green slimy surface of a rock about thirty feet high. In the clefts of the rock were growing shrubs, with here and there the larger growth of a *pohutukawa*, a large crooked limbed evergreen tree found in New Zealand, and bearing, about Christmas, a most beautiful crimson bloom: the boat-builders in New Zealand use the crooked limbs of this tree for the knees and elbows of their boats. On the top of the rocks surrounding this small flat of ground, was the dense forest, and, towering up again in the far background, were several volcanic peaks, conical shaped, and rising to a height of from nine hundred to one thousand feet, all tree-clad to their summits.

This is an imperfect description of the place on which, *Crusoe*-like, I had been so strangely thrown, with no earthly possessions beyond a small pocket-knife, a pair of blankets, a few pieces of broken glass (the remains of my two bottles which I found on the rocks, and which I carefully treasured), and my tattered sails and a broken boat. My long rope I lost from carelessly leaving it too near the water when mending my boat. How far the island was from any inhabited land, I knew not. I only knew it was uninhabited by human beings, and that I could have no fellowship with any of my kind, not even savages, during my sojourn on it. How long that sojourn was likely to be, God only knew. Unlike *Robinson Crusoe*, I had not even a dog or a cat for my companion, I had no wrecked ship wherewith to draw any resources. I was totally unarmed. I had no tools wherewith to build, or plant, or dig; I had no seeds to plant even had I had tools. I had no books to while away the long tedious hours, no means whereon to write even an account of my sufferings and fate, though perchance they might one day be read in my bones whitening on the beach. I was without house or shelter, and without fire.

V.

Tuesday morning came, with rain, and I woke wet through; fortunately, it was not very cold. After I had been down to the rocks and taken my morning meal of oysters, I sat down and had a long consultation with myself about a house. I examined all the rocks to see if I could find a cave. I did find a small one; but I could not live in it, for the water dripped incessantly from the roof, and the floor was wet. My next thought was to build a small hut after the fashion of the *Maories*, and I spent the whole of that and the two following days in cutting with my knife the *bulrushes* or *raupo* in the swamp, and two days more in tying it up in bundles, using the flax I found growing near the pond for that purpose. All this occupied that week. The employment diverted my thoughts

from brooding too much. I took care to tire myself so thoroughly that I generally fell asleep as soon as I had said my prayers and laid myself down. Sunday following, I resolved to keep free from work. I climbed up the narrow rocky pathway into the forest, and found growing, as I expected, among the trees, abundance of the wild palm or nikau. The heart of two or three of these I cut out with my knife. The heart of this palm is about the thickness of a man's wrist, is about a foot long, and tastes not unlike the English hazel-nut, when roasted on the ashes of a fire. It is very nutritious. This, with the oysters, composed my supper on the second Sunday of my stay on the island. The day was warm and sunny, and, coming after the four or five wet days, was very cheering. After supper I planned out my house, having chosen a place for it during my walk in the afternoon.

Before I lay down for the night, I sat on a great stone, looking over the sea, and kept repeating the psalm in which occurs the verse: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him for the help of his countenance."

So ended my second Sunday on the island.

VII.

I woke early next morning; and, after my usual visit to the rocks, went to my boat, and, taking one of the lining boards, spent an hour or so in trying to fashion it into something like a spade. Then, I dug a small trench round the spot where I intended placing my house, and then made perfectly level, a space of about fourteen feet long by ten feet wide, pulling up the grass and plants. I went into the forest and cut down four long straight sticks, about an inch and a half in diameter, and five to six feet long, forked at one end. These were for the corners. I cut two about the same thickness, and about nine feet long, forked in the same manner at one end. These were to carry the ridge pole. I then cut down three or four bundles of long straight sticks of various lengths and thickness. This took me altogether two days—namely, cutting and carrying them down to the place I had chosen for my house; the framework of which took me three more days to complete. The labour of breaking open the oysters in sufficient quantities to satisfy my appetite very considerably abridged the length of my day. It was a task of no small difficulty, in which my fingers nearly always suffered; and, let me eat as many oysters as I would, I rarely left the rocks perfectly satisfied; there was ever within me a disagreeable sensation of hunger. I was tortured with dreams of solid substantial breakfasts, dinners, and suppers. I had not even the comfort of a drop of water at hand, when I awoke with a raging thirst upon me, having no vessel to keep it in. (I afterwards tried to make a vessel capable of holding water from some soft clay; but though I baked it in the fire to harden it, it was so porous that the water evaporated during the night, and

I generally found the vessel empty in the morning.)

I had frequently seen the Maories obtain fire by rubbing together two sticks, and I had once or twice attempted it myself, but without success. Now, however, the obtaining of fire was a matter of such consequence to me that I resolved once more to make the attempt. First, I sought for some hard stone, thinking therewith to strike fire with the aid of my knife; but I could not find any stone fit for my purpose, and if I had, there was no tinder whereon to strike the spark. I therefore resolved to make an effort to obtain fire by rubbing the two sticks—with but small hope of success. I gathered some very dry ferns and small manuka twigs, which are very resinous and inflammable. I rubbed it between two pieces of wood—slowly at first. Presently the wood began to smell of burning, and a little wreath of white smoke curled upward. I then quickened my motion, until the perspiration streamed down my face, while my elbows and wrists began to ache painfully. In this way I rubbed for well-nigh twenty minutes, and all the result I obtained was the smell of fire and smoke. I nearly despaired, and was about to give it up, when one of the minute shavings flew up a living spark; what a thrill of joy it sent through me! I forgot my weariness; and, redoubling my efforts for a few seconds, had the satisfaction of seeing several more sparks. I dropped the stick, and blew gently on the heap until it was on fire. I then gently shook it upon the fern, wrapped the fern up in fir-twigs, and waved it quickly round my head until the whole mass was in flames. This fire I never allowed to go out.

VII.

I kept a good stock of firewood, and dug a hole in the middle of my house, which I kept always filled with hot embers, besides keeping a pile of dry purin sticks for light at night. With a gun, I could have materially improved my food, as I saw plenty of wild ducks on the small pond, besides parrots and pigeons in the forest. I attempted to hit the ducks with stones, but never succeeded in killing any, although I twice hit. I next thought of a bow and arrows, but my attempts proved futile. However, I added another dish to my meagre fare, and that was fern-root, of which I had abundance.

I had now been about three weeks on the island; although in no way reconciled to the idea of living there, the hope of ever getting away again daily became fainter and fainter, until at times, if I sat down for a short while and tried to think over my situation, I was well-nigh driven to despair. One morning, on going out of my house, I perceived an intolerable stench, coming up from the beach. I went down to see what it was, and, to my great disgust, found the dead body of a large shark, in the last stage of decomposition, washed up by the tide. After a time, however, it occurred to me that, as I had seen the Maories

make their fish-hooks out of shark bones, why should not I?

I had already tried to make hooks out of the copper nails of my boat, but the metal was too soft, and bent too readily. Now, however, I could try on the shark's bones, and moreover it would be some occupation for my long tedious evenings; for the evening was always the most wearisome part of my time. Many a dull evening I spent, my thoughts far far away, roaming free and uncontrolled over spots where, in all likelihood, my feet would never tread again; or I wearied myself with brooding over my condition, and wondering what my friends would think of my long-continued absence.

In six evenings, with the aid of my knife, and some stones, and my broken glass, I made two bone hooks, sufficiently sharp and strong to catch any fish I might find off the rocks. Another week was spent in twisting raw flax into fishing lines. Next morning I was up with the early dawn, and, after many failures, captured a large rock cod, which I speedily roasted at my fire. How much of it I ate, I should be ashamed to confess.

VIII.

I may here give a diary of my daily proceedings on the island. I generally woke early, and, after saying my prayers, betook myself to the spring of water and had a good fresh bath. My next task was to go to the rocks, and either obtain a supply of oysters or fish for breakfast. I next went up into the forest for a supply of firewood, looking well about me for any discoveries that might prove useful. I found growing among the shrubs, a large orange-coloured pod, producing a very fragrant pepper. With this, I flavoured my fish. I also found salt in the crevices of the rocks, deposited there by evaporation. After collecting firewood, I next gathered fresh fern for my bed. Then came the preparation for my mid-day meal, for which I generally now had fish, and either the wild palm or wild cabbage, which I found growing at the foot of the rocks. I made a change occasionally in my diet by the mode of cooking it: one day broiling it, and another day cooking it in a native kapura or hougi, with hot stones in a hole. The afternoon I generally spent in a walk in the forest, into which, however, I dared not penetrate very far, for fear of losing my road. In the evening I went down to the pond and caught a few eels, ready for bait the following morning. As soon as it was dark I retired into my hut, and, throwing a few sticks on the fire to make a light, employed myself in making hooks, or lines, or any other thing I could think of making and was able to make. I had dug a hole in the centre of my floor, in which I deposited every night sufficient fuel to last until morning. My last employment was my prayers, after which, rolling myself up in my blanket, I tried to sleep. Thus, in dull monotony, the time passed slowly away. Each day's dawn found me with hope diminished, and in its place a cold feeling of despair

gradually settling over me. Ofttimes I seemed to be moving about, mechanically.

I had been seven weeks and two days on the island, according to my reckoning—which reckoning consisted in merely repeating to myself occasionally, during each day, its name and the date of the month—when, as I was coming from the forest with a load of firewood, I looked towards the sea, and was startled by the sight of a vessel, passing at about eight miles' distance. At first I scarce knew what to do. I threw down the wood and rushed over the rocks to my hut, for my blankets, to hang up in a tree for signal. I carried the blankets up the rocks, and climbed half way up a tree, when the thought occurred to me I should be too late, and that the smoke of a fire would be seen more plainly. I accordingly slid down the rocks again for some fire, lighted the pile of wood I had thrown down, and then began to climb once more into the tree, to hang out my blankets. Alas, I had made the fire of dry wood, and it burnt too brightly to emit much smoke. It was now too late to place some green branches on it. The vessel faded slowly out of sight, never having noticed my attempts at signalling her.

I know not what effect such an event would have had on others placed in my situation, whether it would have awakened and encouraged other men to hope, or would have driven them to despair. It had the latter tendency on me; and, for the first time since I landed on the island, I gave way to tears. I sat down, listless and dejected, and cried long and bitterly. All that day I cried bitterly.

At night I was startled. I had caught, as usual, several small eels, and placed them on the roof of my hut, to be ready for my morning's fishing. In the middle of the night I was aroused by hearing a strange scratching scrambling noise upon the roof. It was with no small trepidation that I ventured out to see what it was. The night was very dark, and the first thing I saw were two fiery balls of light glaring at me from the top of the hut; next moment, a black object flew at me. I stooped suddenly, and the animal went over me with a loud hiss, and disappeared in the darkness. It was a large black cat. How it came there, I know not. I had never seen it before and never saw it afterwards, although I heard it once or twice wailing dismally in the forest.

Of the next two or three days I have a very confused recollection. I remember wandering about all day, seeking rest and finding none, careless, heedless, hopeless. It was during this time, I doubt not, that I lost my reckoning; for somehow or other I found that I had lost three days.

How long this state might have continued I cannot tell, but it was most mercifully diverted in the following way. I had penetrated deeper into the forest one day than I had ever ventured before, where I came to a rather abrupt gully; here I stumbled over a tree root, and rolled down a descent. When I recovered my-

self I got on my feet and looked round. I had rolled into the midst of some tall plants, with a broadish leaf, long, entire, and smooth, that felt sticky or glutinous when touched, and with a dusky-coloured flower. It was tobacco. A coarse, bitter kind, but still it was tobacco. Eagerly I gathered all I could find, and then retraced my steps. As soon as I arrived at home, I hung up my tobacco-leaves on a long string of flax inside my hut. I then set my wits to work, to invent a pipe, in which I at last rudely succeeded. How great a comfort it was, no words of mine could adequately tell.

IX.

One thing that more than any other impressed my mind with the utter solitude of the island on which I was cast, was the absence of animal life and the silence. I had seen, during several weeks' residence, little or no traces of life beyond the solitary instance of the wild cat, which had probably been thrown overboard or had swum ashore from some passing ship. The only other living things I had yet seen, except birds, were lizards. Wild pigeons abounded. I made about twenty snares to catch some. For several days I did not succeed, and I had almost despaired, when one day, to my great delight, a couple were caught. How eagerly I cooked them, and the enjoyment I had in eating them I need not describe. I afterwards took several more, securing altogether during the time I was on the island, fourteen birds.

I now went up on the rocks, where I had cleared a place to lie and bask in the sun, and whence I could overlook the sea. Several weeks had elapsed since I saw the vessel.

About this time I found in the forest, near my tobacco plot, some yellow clay, a quantity of which I carried home, and occupied my evenings in trying to convert into some vessel to hold water. I made several ungainly looking things, and spoilt all but two in trying to bake them. The occupation, however, served to divert my attention, and keep me from brooding too much over my misery.

In the hope of finding honey, I had several bee hunts. How bees came on this desolate island puzzled me; but there they were; they could hardly be indigenous. I traced an immense swarm to a tree, which I had the cruelty to burn down; that being the only expedient by which I could obtain the honey hived high up in the trunk. I was rewarded for this toil (which was great, first and last) by the largest stock of honey I had ever yet seen taken, even in New Zealand, from a tree. A part of the mass of honey was two or three seasons old, being of a deep yellow colour, and the wax brown; the rest was of a pale straw colour, in snow-white virgin combs. Of the latter I ate eagerly, and then collecting the rest, deposited it in my clay vessels, leaving the oldest a prey to the lizards and ants. I found this honey a delicious addition to my fish. I found afterwards two more bee trees, the contents of which I obtained and enjoyed.

X.

I had frequently noticed what I took to be the footsteps of some kind of animal on the pathway leading up the rocks into the forest. I had not, however, seen anything of any animal. I knew pigs and goats to be the only animals found in New Zealand in a wild state, and they are not indigenous: having been introduced, I believe, by Captain Cook. One day, as I was returning with a load of firewood, I heard below, to my great surprise, some animals bleating. Laying down my load quietly, I looked on the ground below, and, to my great delight, saw a herd of wild goats licking the salt on the rocks. How was I to come at them? How could I catch one of them? I remembered that Robinson Crusoe became swift enough of foot to run them down. I much doubted my capability of doing so. As, however, no plan suggested itself to me other than that of stealing quietly upon them, and then making a sudden rush, I resolved forthwith to try that course. Slowly and stealthily I got within fifty yards of them unnoticed. One suddenly observed me and gave a loud bleat of warning, and they all made a rush up the rocks where no human foot could follow. Having got out of my reach, they turned round and stared at me. What could I do? Nothing, but quietly return for my firewood, and try to devise some mode of catching them at some future time. Many were the devices that passed through my mind, all equally futile. Lying in the hut some days later, I heard some animals running over the gravel in front of it. It was mid-day, and I was resting from the heat of the sun. I peeped out, and saw six goats separated from their companions and browsing on some karaka bushes near my spring. I crept out as stealthily as cat after mouse; the plashing of the little stream over the rock, drowned any little noise I might have made, and, fortunately, the wind blew from them to me. I found the distance between me and them gradually lessen, while the space between the pool of water and the steep precipitous rocks gradually narrowed, leaving them less and less room to rush past me. At length they saw me, and seemed so near that for a moment they stood perfectly still—paralysed. I rushed at them with a whoop. Five passed me; but the last, a she-goat, heavy with kid, got separated from her companions, and in her perplexity leaped upon a large stone in the water, and there stood bleating most pitifully. I made one bound after her, threw my arms about her neck, and held her in a close embrace. Now, I thought, I have succeeded in catching the very goat I would have chosen; how shall I get her home? My doubts as to this important question were very soon settled. The stone on which we both were, was covered with a green slimy moss, and gradually I felt my feet slipping from under me. The goat made a sudden plunge for liberty, and down I came with her into the water. I was forced to loosen my hold. She beat me at swimming, short as the distance was to land;

and, with a loud bleat, she rushed up the rocks after her companions.

I was consoled on the same evening by finding an enormous shell which had been washed up by the tide; this, along with two or three smaller ones, I carried away, rejoicing in them as vessels to hold water. Many and many a time, however, I sat planning how to secure a goat. For even one goat, as a companion, would have been a great boon; but it was all to no purpose; I never got one.

One bright moonlight night, I fell short of wood. I had that day neglected getting it (why, I forget now), so I had to turn out and go up into the forest. The moon shone beautifully, and the effects of light and shade among the huge trees and gigantic creepers were so fantastic and weird-like that I could not help sitting down on a fallen tree, and, half-frightened, yet utterly entranced, gazing on the wonderful scene. As I sat, a loud shrill whistle sounded close behind me. After a short time I recovered sufficient self-possession to look cautiously around, and saw a dark object moving. I waited until it came into the full light of the moon, when I saw what at first I took for a quadruped. But it was a bird: a bird with neither wings nor feathers, but a sort of fur. It occurred to me that this must be the "kiwi" I had heard much of from the natives, called by the whites the apteryx. Apart from its skin, which I wished to obtain, it was, as I knew, exceedingly good eating. I looked round for a stick or a stone, and at length got hold of a stick without alarming the bird. I started forward, and made an unsuccessful blow at it. It ran very quickly; I managed, however, to overtake it, when the brute threw itself on its back and struck at me with its legs, ripped up my trousers with a sharp hind claw, and tore the skin of my leg most grievously. I was so taken aback that the bird escaped. I had one satisfaction, however; I had ascertained the cause of the mysterious whistling, and thus set all fears on that score at rest. In a day or two I found apteryx eggs, which made a welcome addition to my larder.

XI.

Four long weary months and two weeks had passed. Three or four times in the day I regularly went up the rocks, trying to sight a sail. A long time had now elapsed since I saw the last, and my hopes of ever seeing another became every day fainter and fainter. At length, one fine warm sunny day as I was lying on the rock, looking every now and then seaward, I descried a small speck far out to sea. At first I thought my eyes deceived me; I rubbed them, and looked again, and saw it still more distinctly. I took a short walk in the forest, and, coming back, found the object grown larger and plainer. I could now discern glistening in the light of the sun, the white sails of a vessel. How my heart beat! Would she come near enough for me to signalise her? I made ready a fire, and, this time, gathered several green

branches to make a smoke with. Nearer and nearer she came, until at length I made her out to be a large schooner bound to the southward, I supposed to Auckland. When she arrived (as near as I could guess) about four miles from the island, I lighted my fire, and heaped on it a mass of green wood and damp moss, and watched the smoke ascend in a large dense cloud. I looked eagerly towards the schooner. She came nearer and nearer. My heart palpitated. I could distinctly hear and almost count its loud and anxious throbs. "They see the smoke, they see it!" I cried in ecstasy, as she suddenly hauled up to the wind, and I heard her sails flap sharply against her masts. In my excitement I screamed until my throat was sore, with the vain hope that the people on board would hear my cries. Do they really see the smoke? Will they lower a boat for me? The few minutes of suspense during which she lay aback, seemed hours. Hours? Years. "I know they see the smoke, I know it!" I cried; "how cruel not to hasten! Why do they not lower a boat and pull off?" "They are going!" I shrieked, in my agony, as I saw the vessel's head slowly turn, and the sails again belly out to the wind. "They are going! Oh, my God, they are going! And leaving me here! Have mercy, have mercy, and do not utterly forsake me!" I cast myself with my face to the ground, my eyes hot, dry, and tearless. I dared not look again. I felt as if I was going mad. At length I got up, and took one last despairing look at the receding ship now again diminished to a small speck.

Silent and tearless, I sat for hours looking down into the quiet deep blue waters. Here and there, corals of all strange hues and many forms branching out in different directions, with bright coloured strange shaped fish gliding in and out among the grotesque stony foliage, and snow-white shells gleaming in the bright clear water amongst the dark green weed, which swayed idly backwards and forwards with the plashings of the tide. All down there looked so serene and peaceful that the thought crept into my mind, "Would it not be better to roll off this rock, and seek that resting-place? It would be but one plunge, a very brief pang, and then to sleep."

As I sat brooding over those wicked thoughts, the words, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: *I will deliver thee*, and thou shalt glorify me," came suddenly into my mind. I rushed down to my hut, fell on my knees, and prayed God to pity me and give me patience and submission.

XII.

Four more weary weeks passed without any incident worth noting. Methodically I fished, and gathered firewood, roamed through the forest, and formed futile plans for catching goats. In this manner another month passed. I had now been five months alone on the island.

I had retired to bed one night as usual, when I was startled by hearing something bump on the beach. I jumped up, and listened. It can-

not be my old boat lifted off the rocks by a high tide? No, it could not be that; for the boat had been almost all removed for one purpose or other. And, yet I heard footsteps; and then a loud gruff voice, saying, "Kumea, Kumea!" I knew that voice well, but I almost thought I was dreaming. I rushed out, and saw by the light of the moon, which was then near the full, five or six dusky figures trying to haul up a large boat out of the reach of the breakers. With a loud shout of joy I ran forward, but stood amazed and appalled at the sudden yell which escaped from the persons, who left off dragging the boat, and tumbled precipitately into her, as if their only safety were there. Moreover, I saw to my horror a large bare brawny arm held up, with something glittering in the moon's silver light, and I feared its flying at me. "Kowai koe?" (Who are you?) shouted a loud voice. "Ko Henare ahau" (I am Henry), I exclaimed. "Stop," answered the voice, "or I throw this!" at the same time brandishing the small tomahawk. I well knew the fatal aim that would follow if I moved. I stood perfectly still. The figure then moved towards the boat. "Stop, Monganui," I cried, in an agony of fear lest they should go off again and leave me. "I am Henry—do not leave me." "Ka teka koe" (You lie), he exclaimed, "kua mate Henare (Henry is dead). You are his spirit." "No, no," I answered, "I swear to you I am he. Come and touch me, and see whether I am not flesh and blood." "No," he said, "I do not believe you. You are a spirit, and I shall go." He made towards the boat. What agony I suffered at that moment! But suddenly he turned, and stood still, calling to me, "Ka kite koe tera kowhātu?" (Do you see that stone?) pointing to one at my feet. "Ae ra" (Yes), I answered. "Take it up, then." I did so. "Now, do you see that tree?" pointing to the very tree I had tied my boat to when I first landed, and which grew out of the rocks. "I see it." "Throw the stone at it." I did so, and hit it. "Ah!" he said, "no ghost could do that—only flesh and blood could lift and throw a large stone like that." "May I come, then, to you?" "Yes," he said, still, however, hesitating. I went up to him with the usual Maori salute of "Tena koutou."

He caught hold of me and grasped my hand so hard that I flinched. "Ah," he said, "that is real flesh and blood;" and then looking me full in the face, he said, "and you look something like Henry, only thinner." "Live here five months, Monganui," I replied, "and try to keep stout on it."

As soon as he had fully got it into his mind that I was the person I represented myself to be, he began asking me innumerable questions. The others had been listening all this time in the boat, and on his order came out reluctantly; we pulled the boat up high on the beach, the women (for they were the chief's five wives) casting all the time side glances of doubt and mistrust on me. But I contrived once or twice to knock against them rather roughly, as only

flesh and blood and bones could do, and this seemed to set their minds at rest. Monganui, who was the chief who had given me the two boys, came up to my hut, while his wives busied themselves in making a shelter for the night with the oars of the boat and their blankets. Monganui and I remaining at my house after supper, we lighted our pipes. I proceeded to narrate my adventures of the last few months, in the course of which I was frequently interrupted by his savage ejaculations of astonishment. When I had done, he said, "Ah, well, you would make a good Maori," that being the very highest compliment he could pay me. I then asked him how he had come, and why? He told me he had been fishing at the Black Rocks, and it had come on to blow very fresh, as in my own case; so freshly did it blow at last, that, despite his having a whale boat and crew, they could not pull against it, and so ran before it to these islands.

In the morning, as soon as it was light, we went out. We found the women already up, a fire lighted, and some potatoes and fish being cooked in an iron pot, or kohua. The women at first looked somewhat askance at me, but seeing me take a potato out of the pot and deliberately peel and eat it, they again seemed considerably relieved.

Of course Monganui had made his mind up that I would leave the island with him as soon as the weather moderated, which it seemed about to do. He arranged for our leaving early the following morning. The morning opened clear and fine, with the wind in the right direction for sailing back again. We were all astir early, and in a bustle of preparation. As soon as breakfast was over, the things were all put on board the boat, and everything was ready for the start. Just then my heart failed me, despite my long and lonely residence on the island. I could not overcome my fears of trusting myself in that small boat, deeply laden as she was, and leaking, as I knew of old she did, for so long a journey. When it came to the point, I drew back, much to Monganui's astonishment. "I will stay," I said; "should you land safely, please go to Kororaiika and tell the white people I am here, and that I have been living here five months. Seek the magistrate there, and ask him to send a small vessel for me, and I will remain patiently here until it arrives." "But, Henry," he answered eagerly, "there is room. The sea is quiet, and I think I can find my way home again. Do come with us." Again and again he urged me, but to no purpose. They all got into the boat and prepared to start, when up jumped the chief again and ran to me, pressed his nose against mine, and, with tears in his eyes, said once more, "Now, Henry, now for the last time!" "No, Monganui, I feel I cannot." I rushed away to my hut scarcely daring to trust myself any longer, and there gave way to a flood of tears. After a lapse of about a quarter of an hour I rushed up the rock and looked after the boat; there it was, a little white speck

dancing up and down on the swelling waters, and, as I watched it, my heart changed once more, and I shouted and shrieked for them to come back.

XIII.

Alone, alone once more. Oh! that dreadful word "alone." Perhaps I should never get away from this horrible place; never, never more! Fool! Coward! How I missed the sound of human voices. How I listened for human footsteps. How horribly lonely I was. I prayed to God that they might land safely and send off some means of rescue. I felt I could not wait long; that a very short time would elapse before I became in very truth mad. I went up the rock and strained my aching eyes with gazing across the bright blue waves. Night came at last, beautiful, still, cloudless, and moonlight, and still I sat and gazed at the sea, listening in unutterable sadness to its moanings. At length, cold, weary, and sad, I betook me to my bed.

Unrefreshed, I woke in the morning, and, as soon as breakfast was over, took my lonely station once more on the rocks, and spent the weary weary day in gazing over the sea. I calculated that at least six days must elapse before any vessel could come, yet I could not leave my look-out. So passed the second day, and so the third, and so the fourth, and so the fifth. The sixth day came, and somewhat more hopefully I took my station, waited and prayed, and watched, but the daylight faded and night came, and still no sign. So passed the seventh day, and so dawned the eighth, and so died the eighth, and so passed the ninth, and so came the tenth. On the tenth day, I was scarcely conscious. Still mechanically I sat and gazed over the bright water of the cruel mocking sea.

At length, towards mid-day, I fancied I discerned a small dark speck. But I had been deceived so often, that I expected it to fade away like all the rest. But no, it did not fade. I looked again, and I looked again, and still it was there, and surely increasing in size. I rushed off for a few minutes into the forest, and when I returned—there it was still; and now I saw and knew it was a vessel coming towards the island!

Nearer, nearer, and nearer. It was a small schooner. Again I lighted my fire and watched the smoke curl upwards in thick dense clouds. A gun was fired. I could not hear the report. I could only see the small puff of white smoke fading slowly away.

What passed during the next few hours I very dimly know. I have a faint idea that I shouted, and danced, and whooped, and laughed, and cried. I rushed again and again down the rocks to my hut, and then again to the rocks. Once I fell and rolled down, tearing my clothes and skin, and bruising my hands and knees, and finally finding myself in the sea, whence with no small difficulty I emerged. Now, a small boat rapidly approached the beach,

pulled by two men. I rushed down to meet them. They grounded on the pebbles. One figure leaped out, and rushed up to me, throwing his arms about my neck, and rubbing his nose against mine, crying all the time like a child. I felt my hand grasped by the other, and I saw before me my two native boys.

XIV.

I hastened to my hut, and, taking my blankets and the things Monganui had left with me, I got into the boat, and they quickly pulled me alongside the schooner. From two English sailors in her, I heard my own native tongue the first time for nearly six months. How strangely it sounded in my ears!

As soon as I got on board, they took me below and gave me some tea. I remained on deck all that night, scarcely able to realise the events of the past few months. And so I sat and watched, and thanked God through all the watches of that most blessed night, too excited to sleep, too thankful to do anything but return Him my humble thanks for all His goodness.

Next day, in the early morning, we neared land; there, were the ill-fated rocks; there, loomed up once more that dreadful Cape Brett; a few hours and we should enter the bay. We rounded the point, and once more I saw the houses on the beach. Strangely they seemed to sway to and fro—strangely a mist came before my eyes. There was the well-known pier, and on it a number of faces, dark and white, all eagerly looking towards our small vessel as she swept up the bay. Once more I got into the boat, and was rowed rapidly towards the pier. I reached the steps, and a loud and deafening cheer saluted my ears. I looked up, I saw a face I well knew, I heard a voice I dearly loved. I heard and saw no more. As I tried to mount the last step of the pier I fell down on my face, and when I came to myself I found myself in bed in my friend's house, and a doctor sitting at my side—once more, thank God, at home!

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On Saturday Evening, May 17th, at St. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly, at 8 o'clock precisely,

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NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

AT MR. SQUEERS'S SCHOOL,

AND

BOOTS AT THE HOLLY-TREE INN,

AND

MR. BOB SAWYER'S PARTY, FROM PICKWICK.

And on Wednesday Afternoon, May 21st, at 3,

Mr. CHARLES DICKENS will read his

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

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